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OCTOBER NO. 48 10¢

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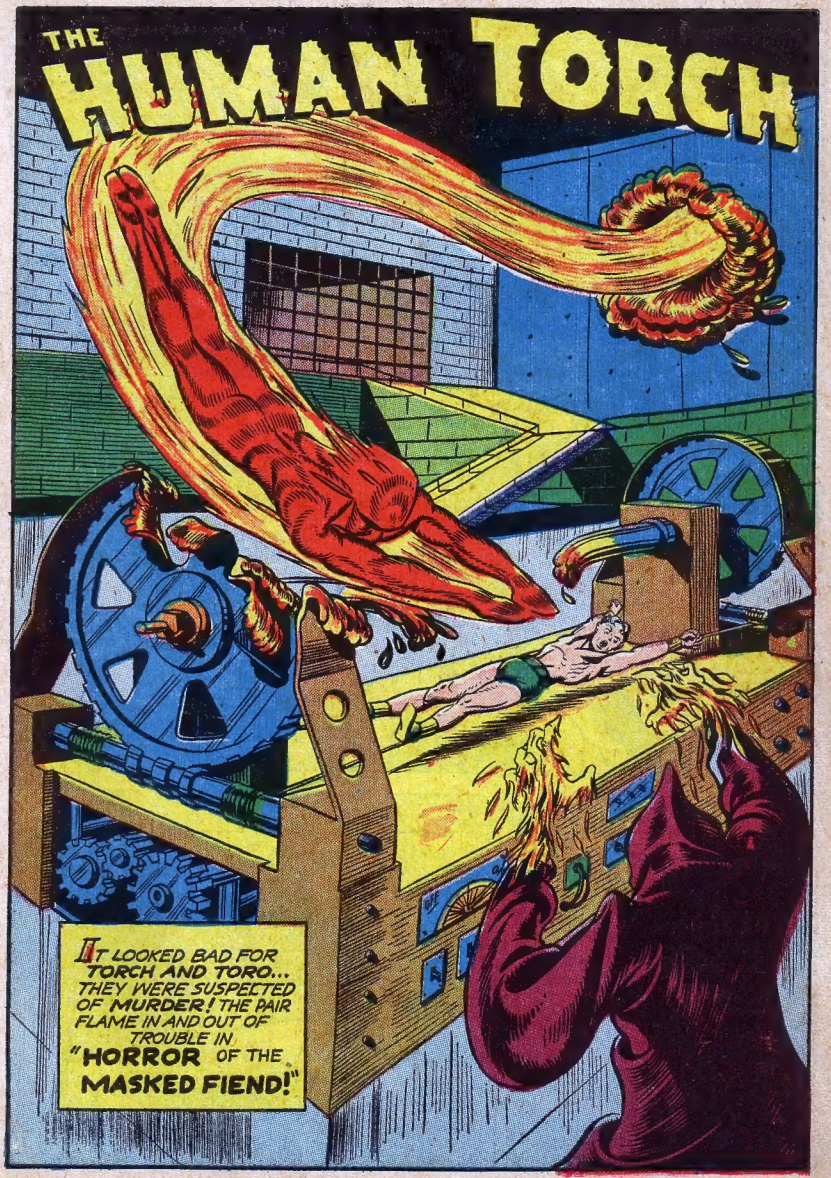
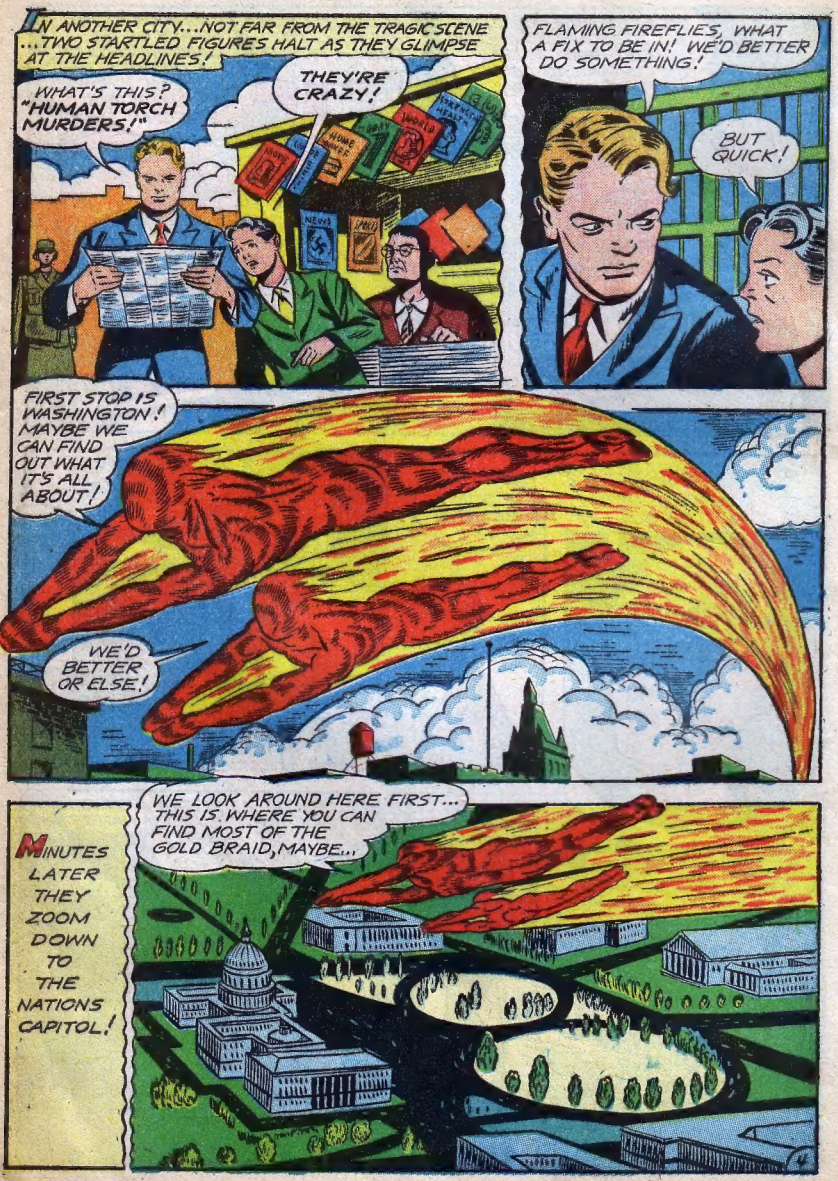
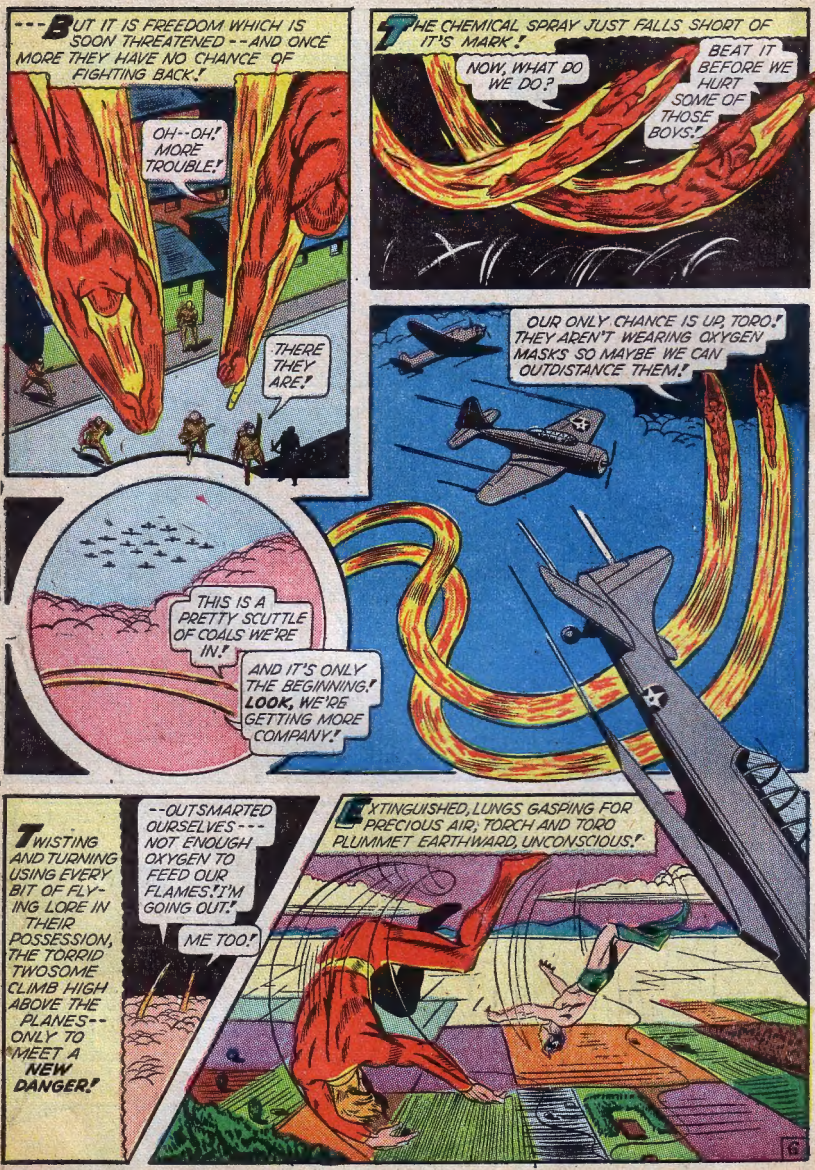

THE
HUMAN TORCH
IT LOOKED BAD FOR TORCH AND TORO... THEY WERE SUSPECTED OF MURDER! THE PAIR FLAME IN AND OUT OF TROUBLE IN "HORROR OF THE MASKED FIEND!"

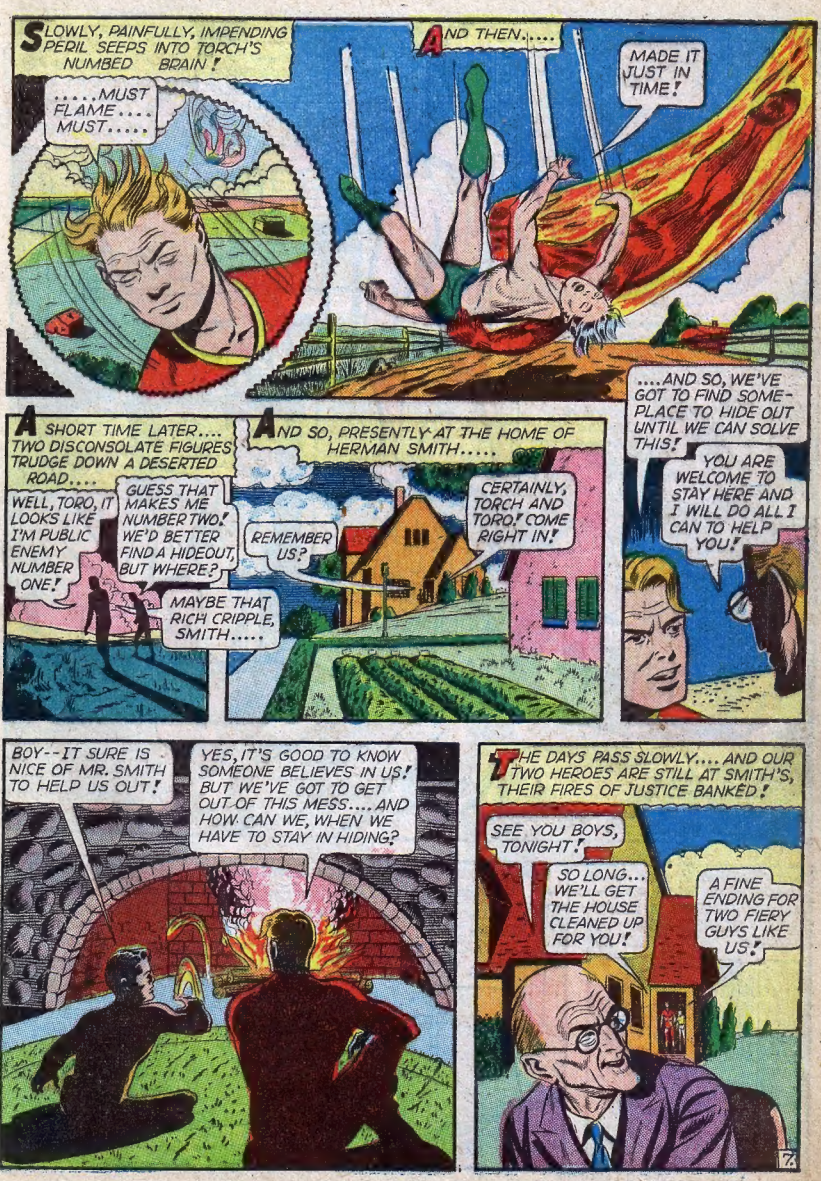
AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON, GENERAL McCULLOUGH PAUSES BRIEFLY TO RECEIVE A PATHETIC VISITOR...
COME RIGHT IN, MR. SMITH!
THANK YOU GENERAL! IT'S VERY KIND OF YOU TO LET ME SEE YOU!
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU!
SIR, I WAS ONCE A BEGGAR! NOW THAT I AM WEALTHY, I AM TRYING TO HELP OTHER CRIPPLES WHO HAVE TO BEG FOR A LIVING! I'D LIKE TO GET A CONTRIBUTION FROM YOU!
GLAD TO, MR. SMITH! I'M MENTIONING YOUR CAUSE IN MY WILL... AND YOU MAY BE COLLECTING IF THERE'S ANYTHING TO THIS WARNING!
OBVIOUSLY A FAKE! TORCH HAS DONE TOO MUCH FOR HIS COUNTRY TO SUDDENLY TURN TRAITOR!
YOU HAVE THE HONOR OF BEING THE FIRST GENERAL ON MY LIST TO DIE!
YES, HE CERTAINLY HAS!
WE GET THESE CRANK NOTES ALL THE TIME... HERE'S MY CHECK!
THANK YOU, SIR... I HOPE THE OTHER OFFICERS WILL BE AS GENEROUS!
AS THE RICH EX-BEGGAR PAUSES IN THE OUTER OFFICE TO APPROACH THE STAFF OFFICERS...
AAAHHHH... IT CAME FROM THE CHIEF'S OFFICE!
WHAT'S THAT?
A HORRIBLE SIGHT GREETS THEIR EYES WHEN THEY BURST INTO THE OFFICE.....
GENERAL McCULLOUGH! HE'S DEAD!
LOOK, HIS NECK IS CHARRED... THE CURTAINS ARE BURNING! THEN THE TORCH DID SEND THAT THREAT!
2.

THE MURDERER HAD TO FLY OUT TO ESCAPE SO QUICKLY! HE MUST HAVE TOUCHED THE CURTAINS ACCIDENTLY AND THAT SPELLS THE TORCH TO ME!
IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE THE TORCH WOULD DO THIS!
AND LOOK AT THE MARKS OF THE FLAMING HANDS ON HIS THROAT! THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD DO THAT IS THE TORCH!
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! LOOK AT ALL THE THINGS HE'S DONE FOR HIS COUNTRY! HE CAN'T BE GUILTY!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
TORCH IS GUILTY, ALL RIGHT! AND HE'LL PAY FOR THIS!
...AND THEN...TERROR REIGNS AS VICTIM AFTER VICTIM DIES WITH THE MARK OF THE FIERY HANDS ON THEIR THROATS...
GET THE TORCH! DEAD OR ALIVE... BUT GET HIM...
HUMAN TORCH MURDERS ARMY GENERAL
EXTRA
AL BELLMAN CONVICTED

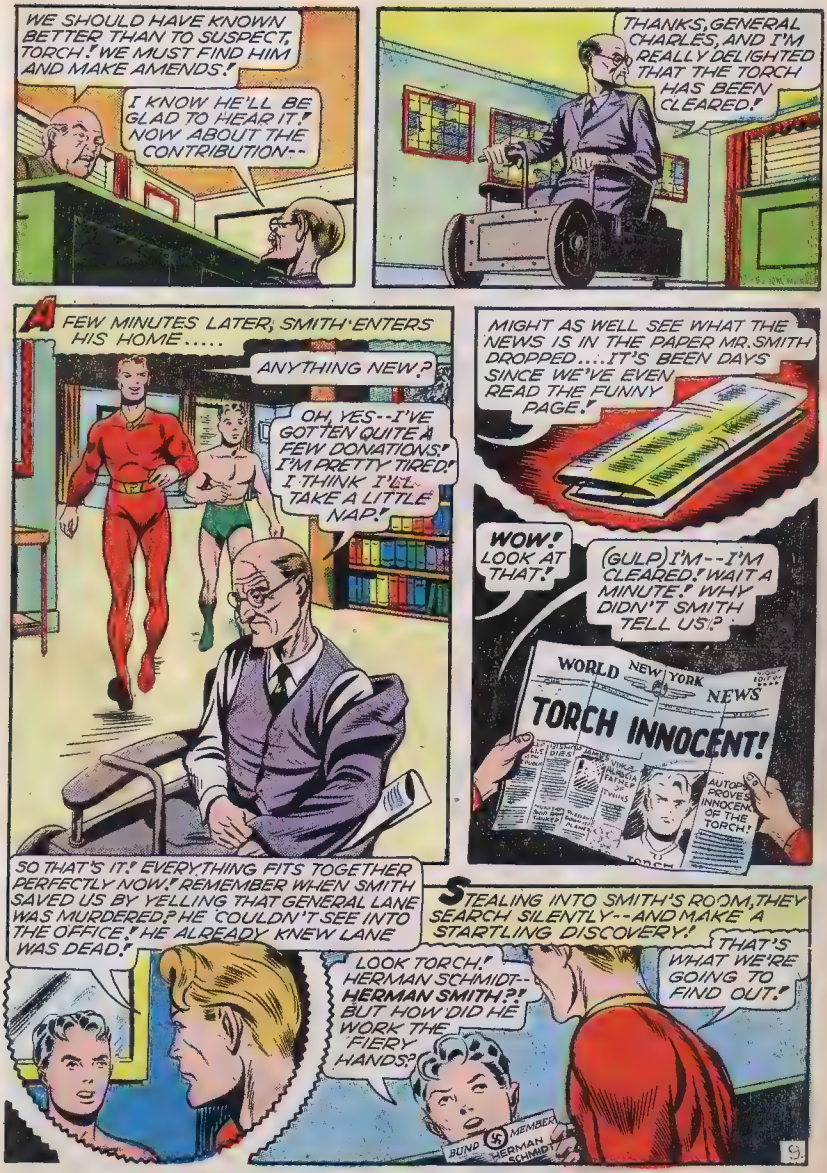

IN ANOTHER CITY...NOT FAR FROM THE TRAGIC SCENE ...TWO STARTLED FIGURES HALT AS THEY GLIMPSE AT THE HEADLINES!
WHAT'S THIS? "HUMAN TORCH MURDERS!"
THEY'RE CRAZY!
FLAMING FIREFLIES, WHAT A FIX TO BE IN! WE'D BETTER DO SOMETHING!
BUT QUICK!
FIRST STOP IS WASHINGTON! MAYBE WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
WE'D BETTER OR ELSE!
MINUTES LATER THEY ZOOM DOWN TO THE NATIONS CAPITOL!
WE LOOK AROUND HERE FIRST... THIS IS WHERE YOU CAN FIND MOST OF THE GOLD BRAID, MAYBE...

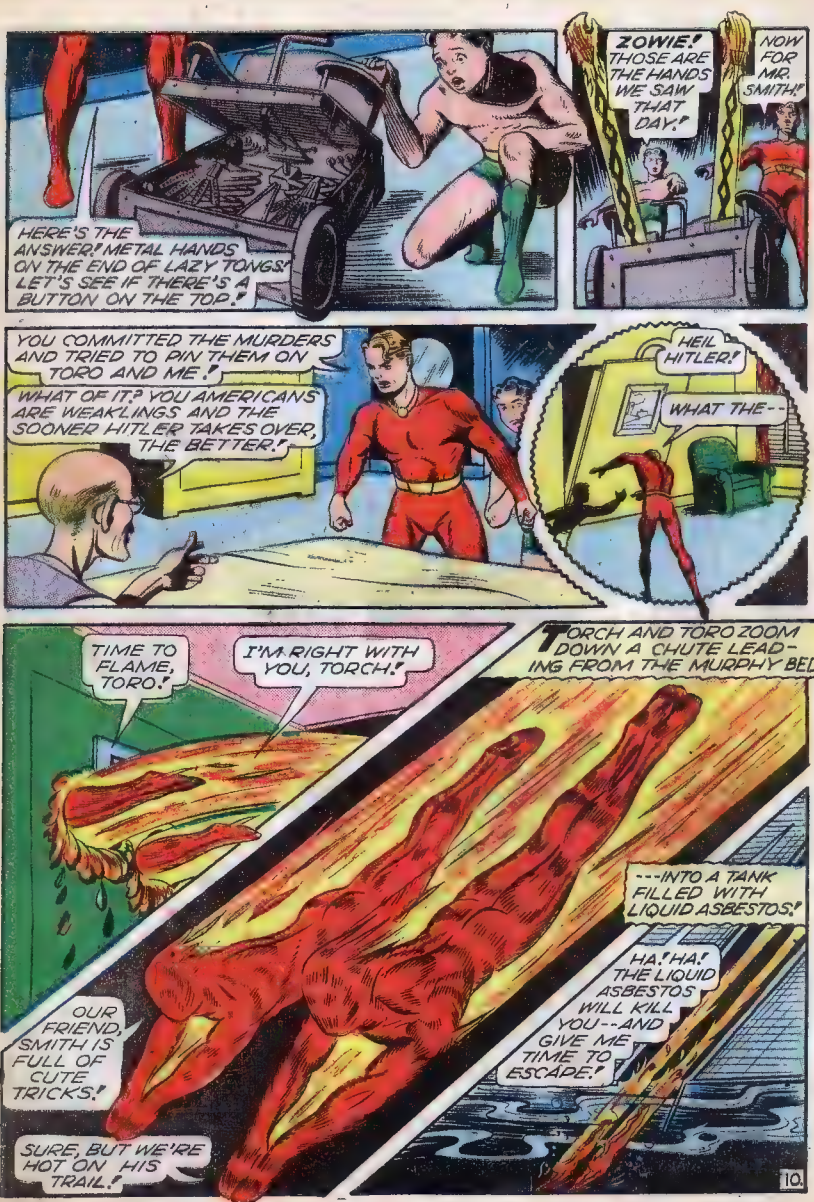
SUDDENLY.....
LOOK! HAS SOMEBODY ELSE GOT OUR FLAME SECRET?
WHAT EVER IT IS---WE'RE FINDING OUT RIGHT NOW!
THE PYROTECHNIC PAIR FLAME THROUGH THE WINDOW TO FIND---
...A ROOM COMPLETELY EMPTY BUT FOR THE CORPSE OF THE GENERAL!
NOW, WE'VE--- WHAT THE BLAZES?? NOBODY HERE!
ONLY ONE DOOR TO THE ROOM! LET'S TRY IT!
WHERE'D THE MURDERER GO?
IT'S TORCH! GRAB HIM!
...MAKE A CONTRIBUTION... WHAT?
UNWILLING TO FIGHT AGAINST THE SOLDIERS OF HIS OWN COUNTRY, TORCH TRIES TO REASON WITH THEM! --BUT--
NOW LISTEN, FELLOWS! WE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THOSE MURDERERS!
GENERAL LANE, IT CAN'T BE--
GENERAL LANE, TOO!
WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! THE TORCH JUST CAME FROM HERE!
I BELIEVE IN YOUR INNOCENCE!
THANKS, FRIEND!
5

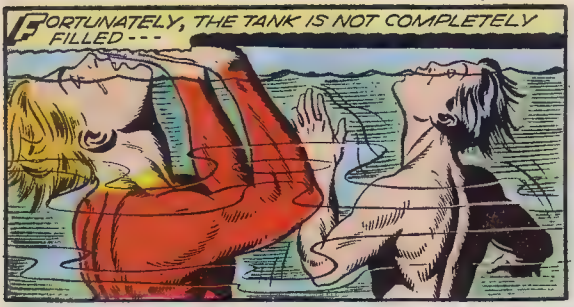

---BUT IT IS FREEDOM WHICH IS SOON THREATENED--AND ONCE MORE THEY HAVE NO CHANCE OF FIGHTING BACK!
OH--OH! MORE TROUBLE!
THERE THEY ARE!
THE CHEMICAL SPRAY JUST FALLS SHORT OF IT'S MARK!
NOW, WHAT DO WE DO?
BEAT IT BEFORE WE HURT SOME OF THOSE BOYS!
OUR ONLY CHANCE IS UP, TORO! THEY AREN'T WEARING OXYGEN MASKS SO MAYBE WE CAN OUTDISTANCE THEM!
THIS IS A PRETTY SCUTTLE OF COALS WE'RE IN!
AND IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING! LOOK, WE'RE GETTING MORE COMPANY!
TWISTING AND TURNING USING EVERY BIT OF FLYING LORE IN THEIR POSSESSION, THE TORRID TWOSOME CLIMB HIGH ABOVE THE PLANES--ONLY TO MEET A NEW DANGER!
--OUTSMARTED OURSELVES--NOT ENOUGH OXYGEN TO FEED OUR FLAMES! I'M GOING OUT!
ME TOO!
EXTINGUISHED, LUNGS GASPING FOR PRECIOUS AIR; TORCH AND TORO PLUMMET EARTHWARD, UNCONSCIOUS!
6

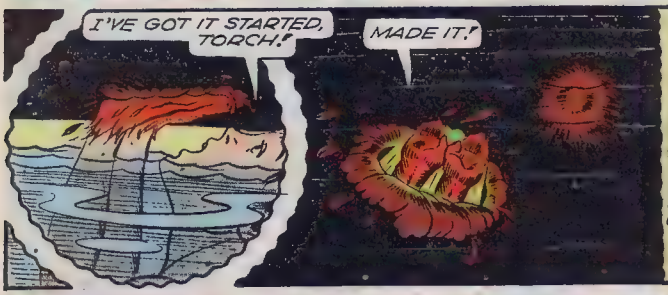

SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, IMPENDING PERIL SEEPS INTO TORCH'S NUMBED BRAIN!
.....MUST FLAME.... MUST.....
AND THEN.....
MADE IT JUST IN TIME!
....AND SO, WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOMEPLACE TO HIDE OUT UNTIL WE CAN SOLVE THIS!
YOU ARE WELCOME TO STAY HERE AND I WILL DO ALL I CAN TO HELP YOU!
A SHORT TIME LATER.... TWO DISCONSOLATE FIGURES TRUDGE DOWN A DESERTED ROAD....
WELL, TORO, IT LOOKS LIKE I'M PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE!
GUESS THAT MAKES ME NUMBER TWO! WE'D BETTER FIND A HIDEOUT, BUT WHERE?
MAYBE THAT RICH CRIPPLE, SMITH.....
AND SO, PRESENTLY AT THE HOME OF HERMAN SMITH.....
REMEMBER US?
CERTAINLY, TORCH AND TORO! COME RIGHT IN!
BOY--IT SURE IS NICE OF MR. SMITH TO HELP US OUT!
YES, IT'S GOOD TO KNOW SOMEONE BELIEVES IN US! BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS MESS.... AND HOW CAN WE, WHEN WE HAVE TO STAY IN HIDING?
THE DAYS PASS SLOWLY.... AND OUR TWO HEROES ARE STILL AT SMITH'S, THEIR FIRES OF JUSTICE BANKED!
SEE YOU BOYS, TONIGHT!
SO LONG... WE'LL GET THE HOUSE CLEANED UP FOR YOU!
A FINE ENDING FOR TWO FIERY GUYS LIKE US!
7

WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, TORO! WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS!
THAT NIGHT---
WHAT'S HAPPENING ON THE OUTSIDE, MR. SMITH?
VERY LITTLE, TORCH! THEY'RE STILL LOOKING FOR YOU BOYS, BUT THERE ARE NO NEW DEVELOPMENTS!
TORCH
MEANWHILE---AN OFFICIAL AUTOPSY IS TAKING PLACE, NOT FAR AWAY---
NOW WE'LL KNOW DEFINITELY!
--IT CAN'T BE!
GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE MADE A GRAVE MISTAKE! THIS MAN DIED OF AN ELECTRICAL SHOCK--NOT FIRE!
THE STARTLING STORY BREAKS ON AN ASTOUNDED PUBLIC!
YOU WERE RIGHT, SMITH! THIS HAS BEEN A FRIGHTFUL MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE!
I'M GLAD TO KNOW THAT HE IS CLEARED!
TORCH
NNOCENT

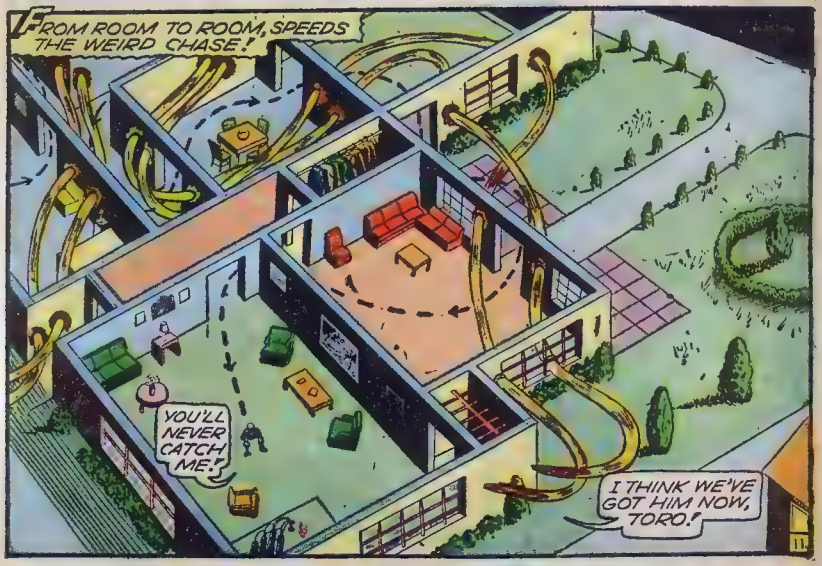

WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO SUSPECT, TORCH! WE MUST FIND HIM AND MAKE AMENDS!
I KNOW HE'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR IT! NOW ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTION--
THANKS, GENERAL CHARLES, AND I'M REALLY DELIGHTED THAT THE TORCH HAS BEEN CLEARED!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, SMITH ENTERS HIS HOME.....
ANYTHING NEW?
OH, YES--I'VE GOTTEN QUITE A FEW DONATIONS! I'M PRETTY TIRED! I THINK I'LL TAKE A LITTLE NAP!
MIGHT AS WELL SEE WHAT THE NEWS IS IN THE PAPER MR. SMITH DROPPED....IT'S BEEN DAYS SINCE WE'VE EVEN READ THE FUNNY PAGE!
WOW! LOOK AT THAT!
(GULP) I'M--I'M CLEARED! WAIT A MINUTE! WHY DIDN'T SMITH TELL US!?
WORLD NEW YORK NEWS
TORCH INNOCENT!
AUTOPSY PROVES INNOCENCE OF THE TORCH!
SO THAT'S IT! EVERYTHING FITS TOGETHER PERFECTLY NOW! REMEMBER WHEN SMITH SAVED US BY YELLING THAT GENERAL LANE WAS MURDERED? HE COULDN'T SEE INTO THE OFFICE! HE ALREADY KNEW LANE WAS DEAD!
STEALING INTO SMITH'S ROOM, THEY SEARCH SILENTLY--AND MAKE A STARTLING DISCOVERY!
LOOK TORCH! HERMAN SCHMIDT--HERMAN SMITH?! BUT HOW DID HE WORK THE FIERY HANDS?
THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT!
BUND MEMBER HERMAN SCHMIDT

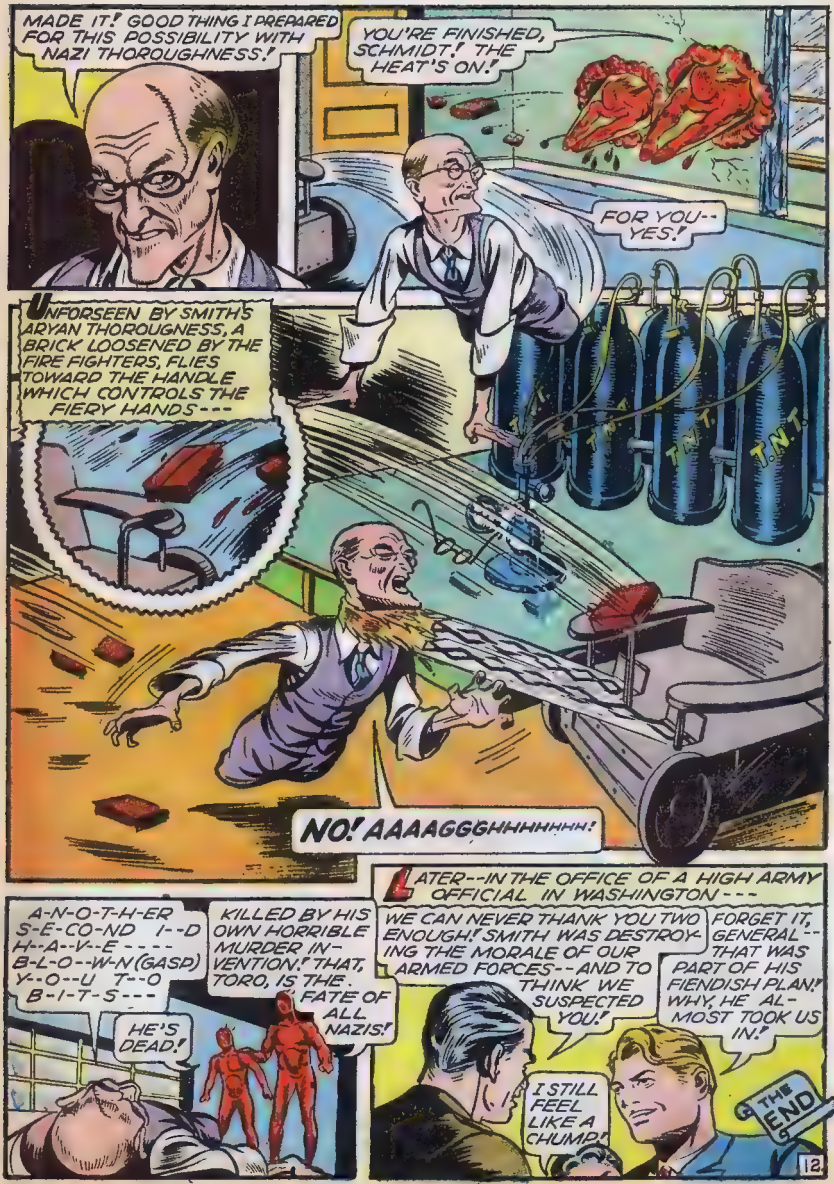

HERE'S THE ANSWER! METAL HANDS ON THE END OF LAZY TONGS! LET'S SEE IF THERE'S A BUTTON ON THE TOP!
ZOWIE! THOSE ARE THE HANDS WE SAW THAT DAY!
NOW FOR MR. SMITH!
YOU COMMITTED THE MURDERS AND TRIED TO PIN THEM ON TORO AND ME!
WHAT OF IT? YOU AMERICANS ARE WEAKLINGS AND THE SOONER HITLER TAKES OVER, THE BETTER!
HEIL HITLER!
WHAT THE--
TIME TO FLAME, TORO!
I'M RIGHT WITH YOU, TORCH!
TORCH AND TORO ZOOM DOWN A CHUTE LEADING FROM THE MURPHY BED
---INTO A TANK FILLED WITH LIQUID ASBESTOS!
HA! HA! THE LIQUID ASBESTOS WILL KILL YOU--AND GIVE ME TIME TO ESCAPE!
OUR FRIEND, SMITH IS FULL OF CUTE TRICKS!
SURE, BUT WE'RE HOT ON HIS TRAIL!
10





SECONDS LATER.... THE FLAMING SLEUTHS ARE FREE.... THEIR FLAMES FULLY RESTORED, THE BOYS ONCE MORE PICK UP THE TRAIL OF DANGEROUS HERMAN SMITH!

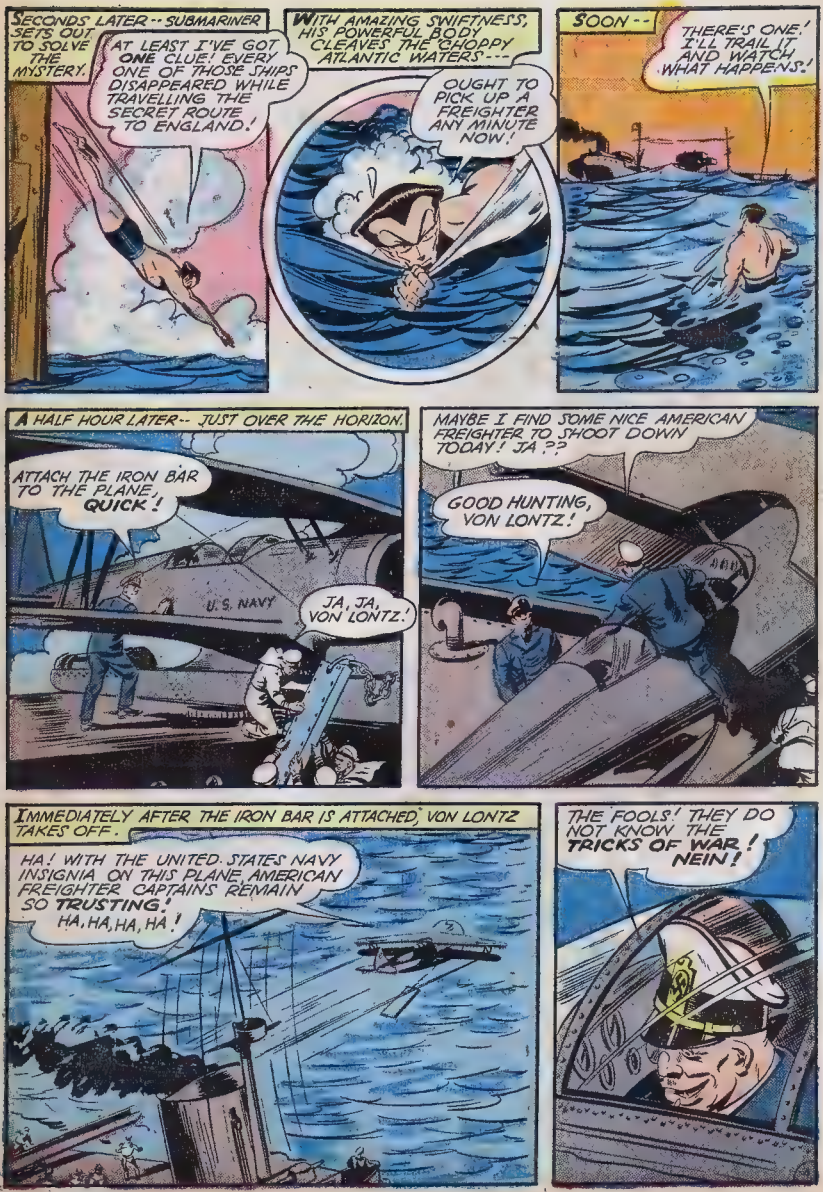


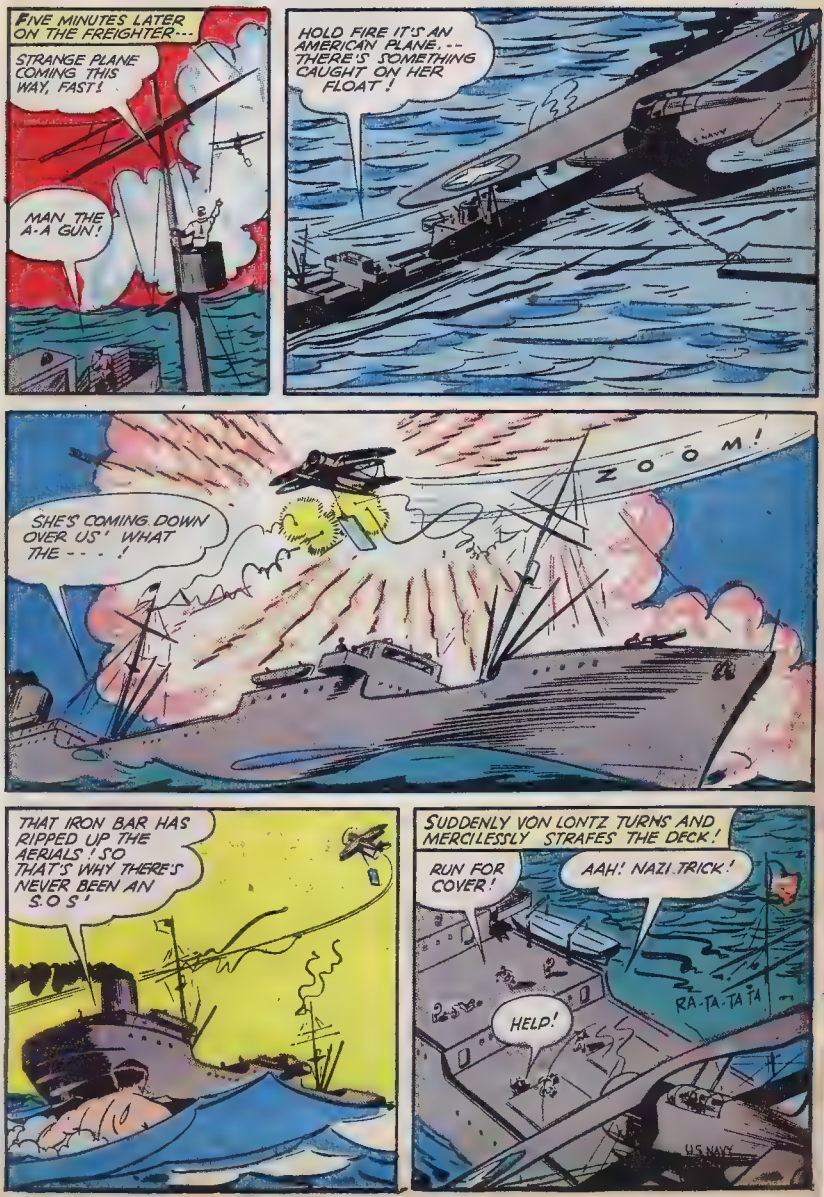

MADE IT! GOOD THING I PREPARED FOR THIS POSSIBILITY WITH NAZI THOROUGHNESS!
YOU'RE FINISHED, SCHMIDT! THE HEAT'S ON!
FOR YOU--YES!
UNFORSEEN BY SMITH'S ARYAN THOROUGNESS, A BRICK LOOSENED BY THE FIRE FIGHTERS, FLIES TOWARD THE HANDLE WHICH CONTROLS THE FIERY HANDS---
T.N.T.
T.N.T.
NO! AAAAGGGHHHHHHHH!
A-N-O-T-H-ER S-E-CO-ND I--D H--A--V--E - - - - B-L-O--W-N (GASP) Y--O--U T--O B-I-T-S---
KILLED BY HIS OWN HORRIBLE MURDER IN-VENTION! THAT, TORO, IS THE FATE OF ALL NAZIS!
HE'S DEAD!
LATER--IN THE OFFICE OF A HIGH ARMY OFFICIAL IN WASHINGTON---
WE CAN NEVER THANK YOU TWO ENOUGH! SMITH WAS DESTROY-ING THE MORALE OF OUR ARMED FORCES--AND TO THINK WE SUSPECTED YOU!
FORGET IT, GENERAL--THAT WAS PART OF HIS FIENDISH PLAN! WHY, HE AL-MOST TOOK US IN!
I STILL FEEL LIKE A CHUMP!
THE END
12

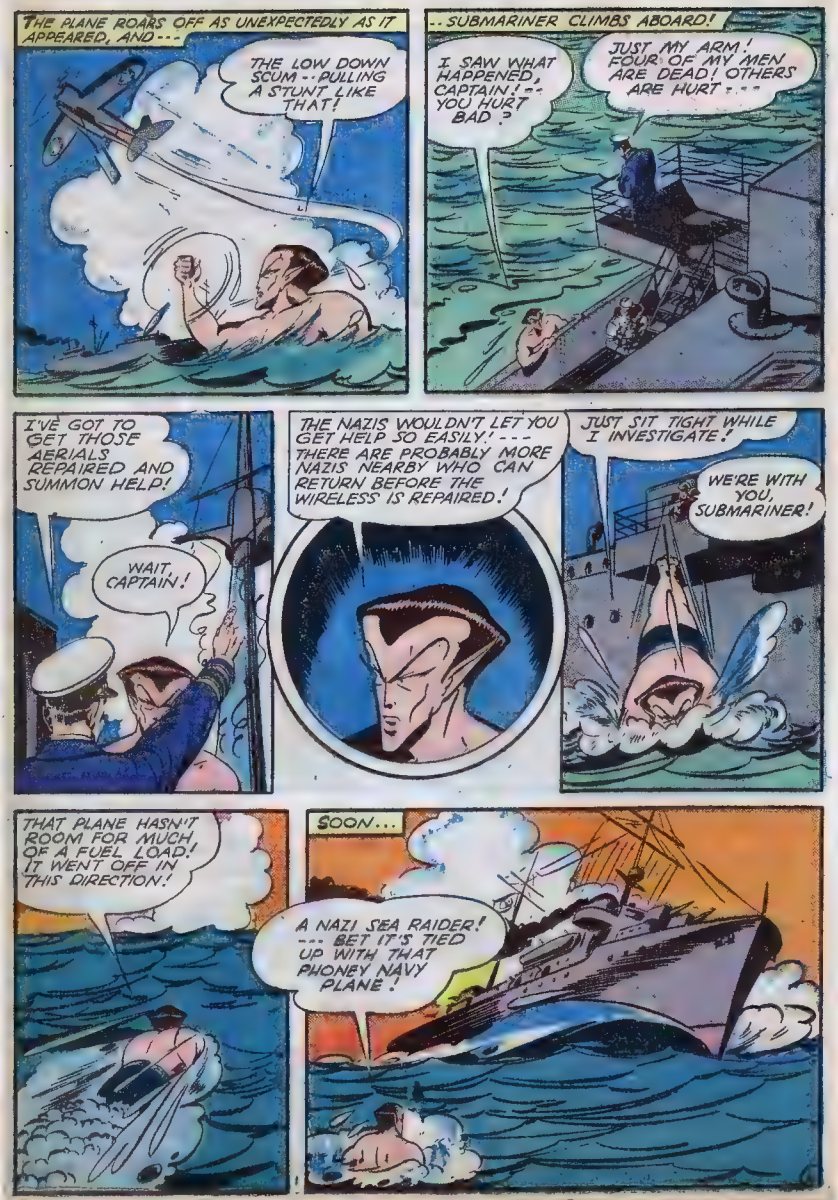
SUB-MARINER
"DECOY FOR DEATH!"

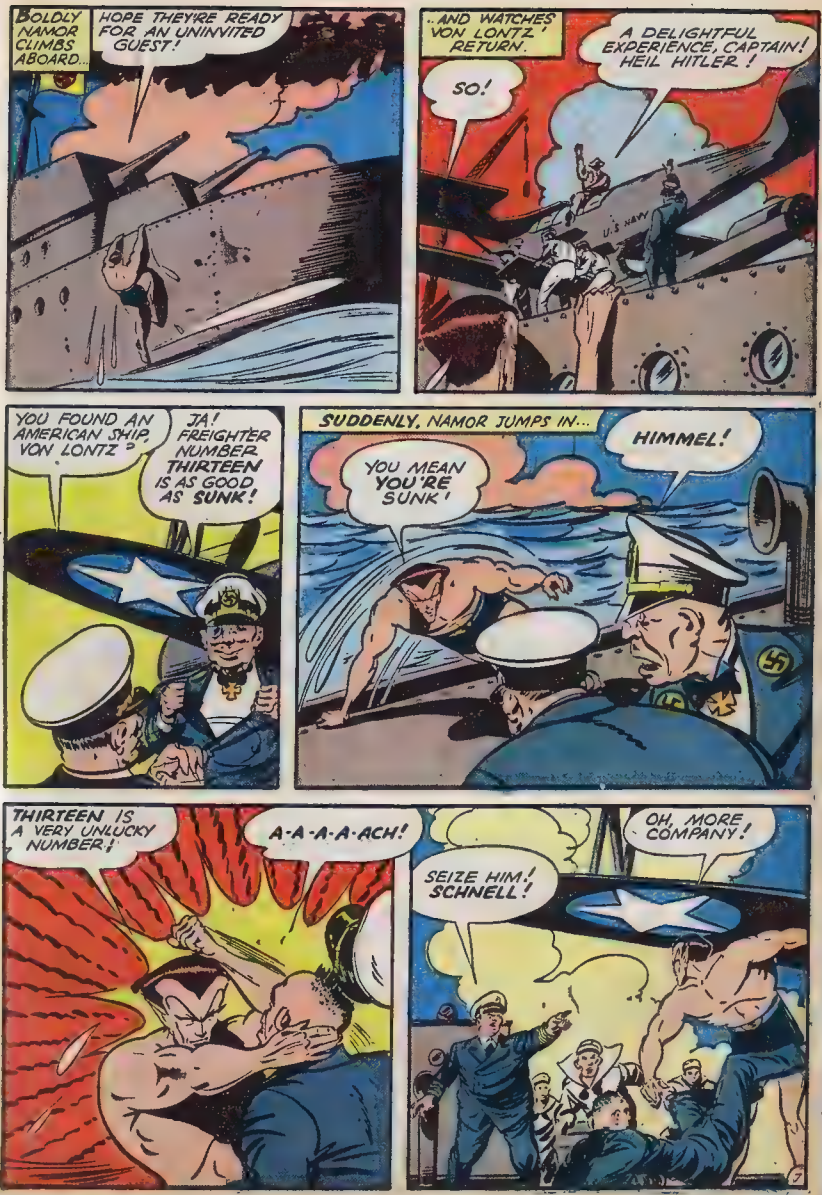
ON AN AMERICAN FREIGHTER JUST DAMAGED BY AN ENEMY AIR ATTACK..
QUICK! SEND AN S.O.S.! THERE MUST BE SOME UNITED NATIONS SHIPS AROUND TO HELP US!
SIR--- WE C-CAN'T!
TH-THE WIRELESS WEN' DEAD WHEN OUR AERIALS WERE KNOCKED DOWN!
GET SOME OF THE CREW TO RIG UP NEW ONES! WE MUST MAKE CONTACT!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
MINUTES LATER --
HURRY! THAT PLANE WILL COME BACK!
AYE AYE, SIR!
MEANWHILE, ON A NEARBY NAZI RAIDER ---
THEY'RE PUTTING UP NEW AERIALS! CLOSE IN SCHNELL!
JA! TOP SPEED! NORTH BY NORTHWEST! FAST!
SOON, BEFORE THE FREIGHTER CAN SUMMON HELP ---
HELP! UH!
A NAZI RAIDER!
GET TO YOUR GUNS AND SINK THAT SHIP!

AS THE CREW ROW CLEAR THE FREIGHTER IS SHELLED AND SUNK.
SHE'S SINKING, VON LONTZ -- WHAT NEXT.?
THE USUAL, CAPTAIN!
MACHINE GUN THE MEN IN THE LIFE BOATS! DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES! NICHT WAHR.?
SOON ---
EVERY SURVIVOR DEAD OR DROWNED!
GOOT! IT IS A VONDERFUL SCHEME, VON LONTZ! TWELVE FREIGHTERS IN TWO WEEKS! AN EXCELLENT RECORD! HEIL HITLER!
TWO DAYS LATER, SUBMARINER IS URGENTLY SUMMONED TO THE OFFICE OF THE MARITIME COMMISSION!
TWELVE FREIGHTERS HAVE DISAPPEARED OR BEEN SUNK! NOT A SURVIVOR --- NOTHING. THIS CAN'T GO ON!
YOU MEAN THAT NOT EVEN ONE SENT AN S.O.S.? --- WHY -- A SHIP COULD DO THAT EVEN IF SHE WERE SINKING!
EXACTLY, SUBMARINER! THAT'S WHY THE PROBLEM IS SO PUZZLING!
I'LL LOOK INTO IT, GENTLEMEN!
PACIFIC OCEAN
7

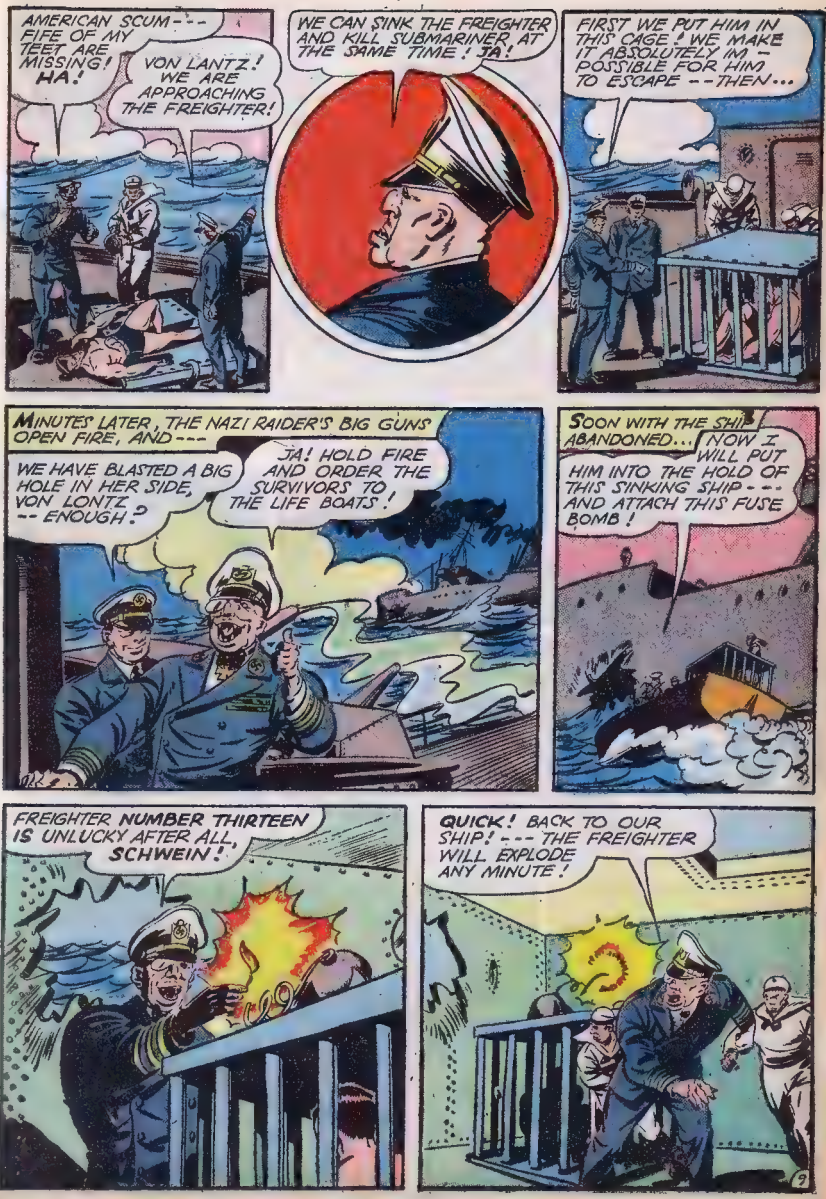

SECONDS LATER -- SUBMARINER SETS OUT TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY.
AT LEAST I'VE GOT ONE CLUE! EVERY ONE OF THOSE SHIPS DISAPPEARED WHILE TRAVELLING THE SECRET ROUTE TO ENGLAND!
WITH AMAZING SWIFTNESS, HIS POWERFUL BODY CLEAVES THE CHOPPY ATLANTIC WATERS---
OUGHT TO PICK UP A FREIGHTER ANY MINUTE NOW!
SOON --
THERE'S ONE! I'LL TRAIL IT AND WATCH WHAT HAPPENS!
A HALF HOUR LATER-- JUST OVER THE HORIZON.
ATTACH THE IRON BAR TO THE PLANE, QUICK!
U.S. NAVY
JA, JA, VON LONTZ!
MAYBE I FIND SOME NICE AMERICAN FREIGHTER TO SHOOT DOWN TODAY! JA??
GOOD HUNTING, VON LONTZ!
IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE IRON BAR IS ATTACHED, VON LONTZ TAKES OFF.
HA! WITH THE UNITED STATES NAVY INSIGNIA ON THIS PLANE, AMERICAN FREIGHTER CAPTAINS REMAIN SO TRUSTING! HA, HA, HA, HA!
THE FOOLS! THEY DO NOT KNOW THE TRICKS OF WAR! NEIN!

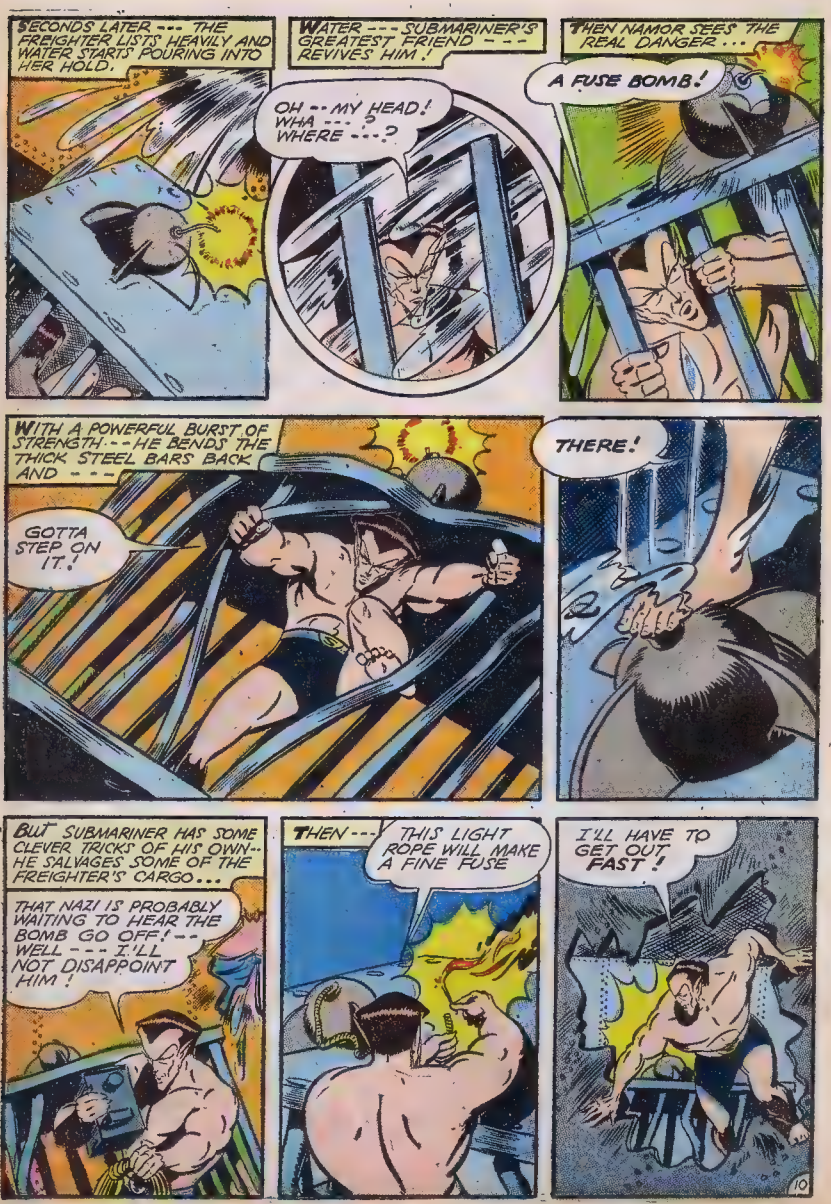

FIVE MINUTES LATER ON THE FREIGHTER---
STRANGE PLANE COMING THIS WAY, FAST!
MAN THE A-A GUN!
HOLD FIRE IT'S AN AMERICAN PLANE,--- THERE'S SOMETHING CAUGHT ON HER FLOAT!
NAVY
SHE'S COMING DOWN OVER US! WHAT THE - - - !
ZOOM!
THAT IRON BAR HAS RIPPED UP THE AERIALS! SO THAT'S WHY THERE'S NEVER BEEN AN S.O.S!
SUDDENLY VON LONTZ TURNS AND MERCILESSLY STRAFES THE DECK!
RUN FOR COVER!
AAH! NAZI TRICK!
HELP!
RA-TA-TA TA
U.S. NAVY


THE PLANE ROARS OFF AS UNEXPECTEDLY AS IT APPEARED, AND---
THE LOW DOWN SCUM--PULLING A STUNT LIKE THAT!
--SUBMARINER CLIMBS ABOARD!
I SAW WHAT HAPPENED, CAPTAIN!--YOU HURT BAD?
JUST MY ARM! FOUR OF MY MEN ARE DEAD! OTHERS ARE HURT--"
I'VE GOT TO GET THOSE AERIALS REPAIRED AND SUMMON HELP!
WAIT, CAPTAIN!
THE NAZIS WOULDN'T LET YOU GET HELP SO EASILY!--- THERE ARE PROBABLY MORE NAZIS NEARBY WHO CAN RETURN BEFORE THE WIRELESS IS REPAIRED!
JUST SIT TIGHT WHILE I INVESTIGATE!
WE'RE WITH YOU, SUBMARINER!
THAT PLANE HASN'T ROOM FOR MUCH OF A FUEL LOAD! IT WENT OFF IN THIS DIRECTION!
SOON...
A NAZI SEA RAIDER! --- BET IT'S TIED UP WITH THAT PHONEY NAVY PLANE!

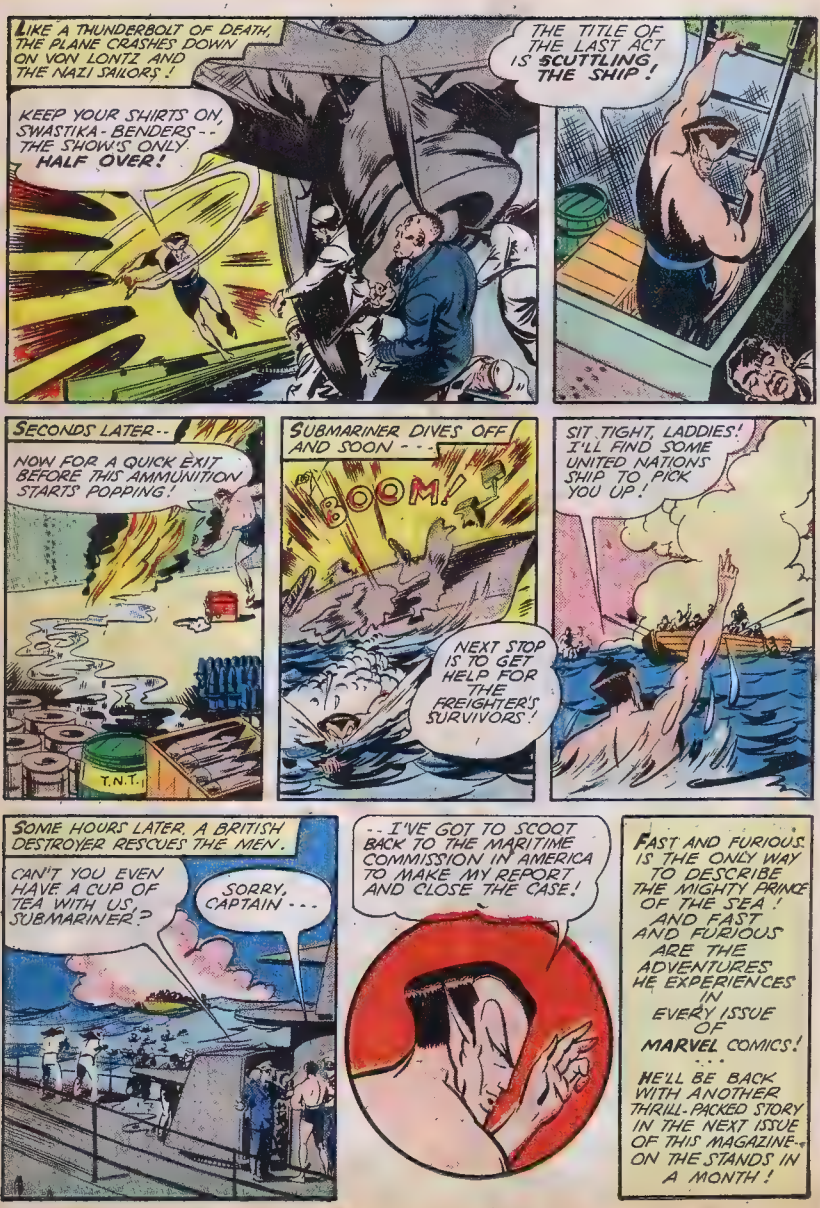

BOLDLY NAMOR CLIMBS ABOARD..
HOPE THEY'RE READY FOR AN UNINVITED GUEST!
..AND WATCHES VON LONTZ' RETURN.
SO!
A DELIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE, CAPTAIN! HEIL HITLER!
U.S. NAVY
YOU FOUND AN AMERICAN SHIP, VON LONTZ?
JA! FREIGHTER NUMBER THIRTEEN IS AS GOOD AS SUNK!
SUDDENLY, NAMOR JUMPS IN...
HIMMEL!
YOU MEAN YOU'RE SUNK!
THIRTEEN IS A VERY UNLUCKY NUMBER!
A-A-A-A-ACH!
OH, MORE COMPANY!
SEIZE HIM! SCHNELL!
7

PLEASED TO MEET YOU-- WITH MY FISTS!
TO YOU, CAPTAIN, I SAY: HEIL, HEEL!
OW-WW!
AS SUBMARINER TURNS UPON THE ADVANCING NAZIS, VON LONTZ TAKES SPEEDY ADVANTAGE!
H-HELP ME! WE MUST STOP HIM!
ACH! THIS IRON BAR IS H-HEAVY!
ALL TOGETHER, NOW! THROW IT!
THAT INSTANT -- SUBMARINER TURNS---
I WAS WONDERING WHERE YOU---
-- TOO LATE!


AMERICAN SCUM--- FIFE OF MY FEET ARE MISSING! HA!
VON LANTZ! WE ARE APPROACHING THE FREIGHTER!
WE CAN SINK THE FREIGHTER AND KILL SUBMARINER AT THE SAME TIME! JA!
FIRST WE PUT HIM IN THIS CAGE! WE MAKE IT ABSOLUTELY IM- POSSIBLE FOR HIM TO ESCAPE --THEN...
MINUTES LATER, THE NAZI RAIDER'S BIG GUNS OPEN FIRE, AND---
WE HAVE BLASTED A BIG HOLE IN HER SIDE, VON LONTZ -- ENOUGH?
JA! HOLD FIRE AND ORDER THE SURVIVORS TO THE LIFE BOATS!
SOON WITH THE SHIP ABANDONED...
NOW I WILL PUT HIM INTO THE HOLD OF THIS SINKING SHIP--- AND ATTACH THIS FUSE BOMB!
FREIGHTER NUMBER THIRTEEN IS UNLUCKY AFTER ALL, SCHWEIN!
QUICK! BACK TO OUR SHIP! --- THE FREIGHTER WILL EXPLODE ANY MINUTE!


SECONDS LATER --- THE FREIGHTER LISTS HEAVILY AND WATER STARTS POURING INTO HER HOLD.
WATER --- SUBMARINER'S GREATEST FRIEND --- REVIVES HIM!
OH -- MY HEAD! WHA --- ? WHERE ---?
THEN NAMOR SEES THE REAL DANGER ...
A FUSE BOMB!
WITH A POWERFUL BURST OF STRENGTH -- HE BENDS THE THICK STEEL BARS BACK AND ---
GOTTA STEP ON IT!
THERE!
BUT SUBMARINER HAS SOME CLEVER TRICKS OF HIS OWN -- HE SALVAGES SOME OF THE FREIGHTER'S CARGO...
THAT NAZI IS PROBABLY WAITING TO HEAR THE BOMB GO OFF! -- WELL --- I'LL NOT DISAPPOINT HIM!
THEN ---
THIS LIGHT ROPE WILL MAKE A FINE FUSE
I'LL HAVE TO GET OUT FAST!
10

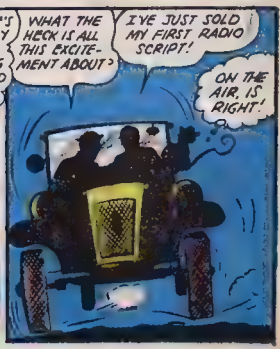
SCANT SECONDS LATER AS NAMOR DIVES OVER THE SIDE...
BOOOOM!
A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY VON LONTZ HEARS THE EXPLOSION!
GOOT! GOOT! THE END OF THE FREIGHTER AND SUBMARINER! NOW ONLY THE SURVIVORS ARE LEFT!
DER FEUHRER WILL REWARD YOU WELL FOR KILLING DAT GREAT AMERICAN, SUBMARINER!
But--
I'M MORE ALIVE THAN YOU THINK!
H-HIM!
PUT YOUR HEADS TOGETHER AND TRY TO FIGURE IT OUT!
CLUNK!
SHOOT HIM! KILL HIM! -- ACH -- I AM TOO DIZZY!
I'LL PUT THIS PHONEY PLANE TO GOOD USE!
LOOK OUT!
HE IS GOING TO THROW DER PLANE AT US!
11


LIKE A THUNDERBOLT OF DEATH, THE PLANE CRASHES DOWN ON VON LONTZ AND THE NAZI SAILORS!
KEEP YOUR SHIRTS ON, SWASTIKA-BENDERS--THE SHOW'S ONLY HALF OVER!
THE TITLE OF THE LAST ACT IS SCUTTLING THE SHIP!
SECONDS LATER--
NOW FOR A QUICK EXIT BEFORE THIS AMMUNITION STARTS POPPING!
T.N.T.
SUBMARINER DIVES OFF AND SOON---
BOOM!
NEXT STOP IS TO GET HELP FOR THE FREIGHTER'S SURVIVORS!
SIT TIGHT, LADDIES! I'LL FIND SOME UNITED NATIONS SHIP TO PICK YOU UP!
SOME HOURS LATER, A BRITISH DESTROYER RESCUES THE MEN.
CAN'T YOU EVEN HAVE A CUP OF TEA WITH US, SUBMARINER?
SORRY, CAPTAIN---
--I'VE GOT TO SCOOT BACK TO THE MARITIME COMMISSION IN AMERICA TO MAKE MY REPORT AND CLOSE THE CASE!
FAST AND FURIOUS IS THE ONLY WAY TO DESCRIBE THE MIGHTY PRINCE OF THE SEA! AND FAST AND FURIOUS ARE THE ADVENTURES HE EXPERIENCES IN EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!
...
HE'LL BE BACK WITH ANOTHER THRILL-PACKED STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE--ON THE STANDS IN A MONTH!

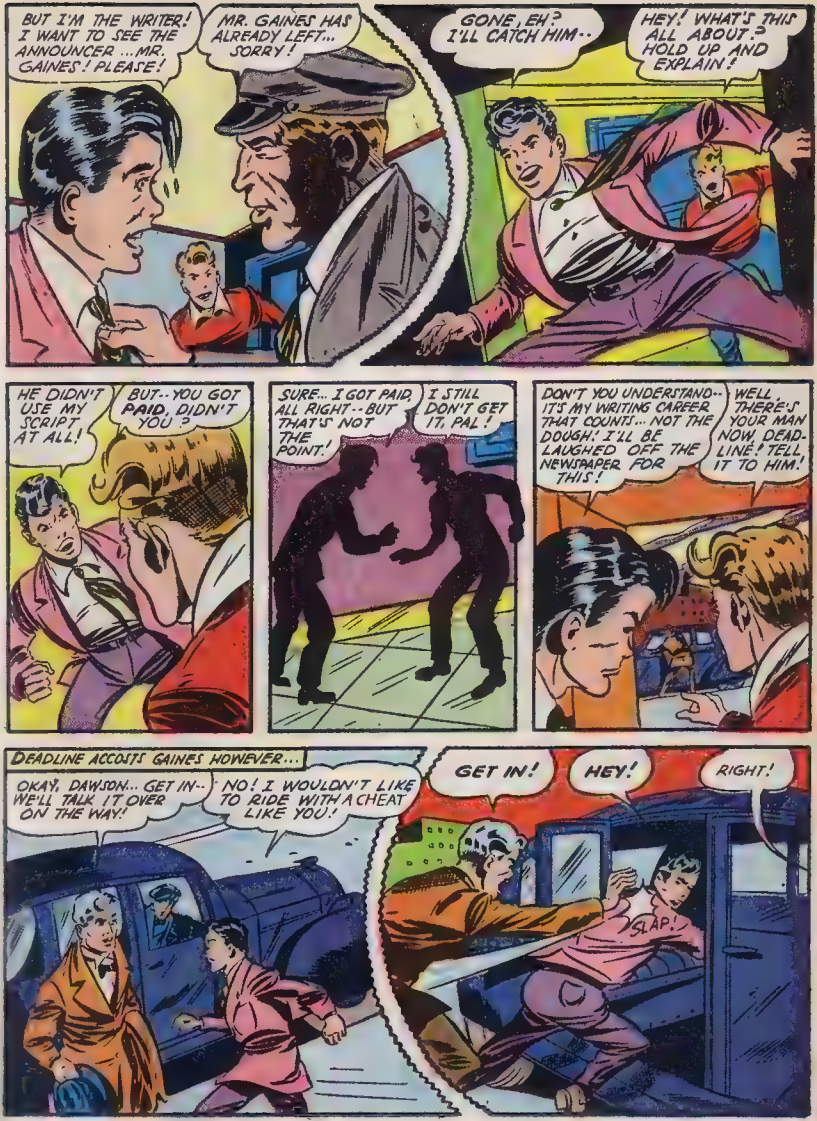
Terry Vance
The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
TERRY AND DEADLINE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS BUT EVEN THAT DIDN'T HELP IN THE CASE OF THE SPY MASTER'S QUIZ!
ON THE AIR
WHO...?
BAM!
WHAT...?
WHAM!
WHEN
FUN
WHERE?
BAM!

A QUIET SATURDAY AFTERNOON FINDS TERRY AND DR. WATSON OUT FOR A WALK
TERRY! I'VE DONE IT! I'LL BE RICH! FAMOUS!
HUH-OH, HI, DEADLINE!

HOP IN! I'LL GET YOU IN FREE WITH ME!
WHERE? THE BUG HOUSE? TAKE IT EASY!
TEH! HE'S PROBABLY BEEN WORKING TOO HARD AGAIN!


WHAT THE HECK IS ALL THIS EXCITEMENT ABOUT?
I'VE JUST SOLD MY FIRST RADIO SCRIPT!
ON THE AIR, IS RIGHT!

BIG TIME, EH? GREAT STUFF! WHEN WILL THE FIRST PROGRAM BE BROADCAST?
IN FIVE MINUTES... WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO THE STUDIO NOW! HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN! ♫
SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER--
HERE WE ARE! HURRY!
CAN DR WATSON COME TOO?
DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO LEAVE ME BEHIND!
GOSH! I'M SORRY, BUT THAT'S NOT PERMITTED! NO ANIMALS-- SNAP IT UP!
OKAY! THIS WILL KEEP HIM HAPPY -- HE CAN LISTEN IN ANYWAY!
HUH! SO I'M TO BE LEFT OUT IN THE COLD -- IT ISN'T FAIR!
OKAY! GO ON IN!
WHAT KIND OF A SHOW IS IT?
QUIZ PROGRAM! IT'S STEADY, TOO! ALL THE BOYS ON THE PAPER WILL BE LISTENING!
WE JUST MADE IT! SHH!
THIS BETTER BE GOOD, PAL!
ON THE AIR
HALF AN HOUR LATER-- AS THE PROGRAM ENDS.
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? THAT WAS A SWELL SHOW, DEADLINE! YOU DID A GREAT JOB-- HEY!
I'M GOING TO RAISE THE DICKENS, THAT'S WHAT! THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO ME! HEY! YOU!
COME BACK HERE! IT WASN'T THAT BAD!
OUT OF MY WAY!
SORRY, BUD... NO ORDERS!


BUT I'M THE WRITER! I WANT TO SEE THE ANNOUNCER ... MR. GAINES! PLEASE!
MR. GAINES HAS ALREADY LEFT... SORRY!
GONE, EH? I'LL CATCH HIM..
HEY! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? HOLD UP AND EXPLAIN!
HE DIDN'T USE MY SCRIPT AT ALL!
BUT.. YOU GOT PAID, DIDN'T YOU?
SURE... I GOT PAID, ALL RIGHT.. BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT.
I STILL DON'T GET IT, PAL!
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND.. IT'S MY WRITING CAREER THAT COUNTS... NOT THE DOUGH! I'LL BE LAUGHED OFF THE NEWSPAPER FOR THIS!
WELL THERE'S YOUR MAN NOW. DEADLINE! TELL IT TO HIM!
DEADLINE ACCOSTS GAINES HOWEVER...
OKAY, DAWSON... GET IN.. WE'LL TALK IT OVER ON THE WAY!
NO! I WOULDN'T LIKE TO RIDE WITH A CHEAT LIKE YOU!
GET IN!
HEY!
RIGHT!
SLAP!

GOSH! THE WAY THEY DO BUSINESS THESE DAYS! SAY! I LEFT MY HAT UP THERE! BE RIGHT BACK, DOC! YOU'LL WAIT FOR ME, I KNOW!
SURE.. OLD FAITHFUL, THAT'S ME!
BACK IN THE STUDIO...
SAY, HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHY THAT QUIZ SCRIPT WAS CHANGED? MY FRIEND WROTE IT AND..
OH, I'VE SEEN THAT HAPPEN BEFORE! THAT'S THE REASON FOR THE TURN-OVER IN WRITERS- TOO BAD!
THE NEXT AFTERNOON THERE IS ANOTHER BROADCAST..
THIS PROGRAM WAS WRITTEN BY GEORGE GREEN!
HOLY SMOKES! DEADLINE MUST HAVE QUIT FLAT!... I'M SURE HE SAID IT WAS TO BE A STEADY ASSIGNMENT...
GEE, HIS BIG CHANCE! HE SHOULDN'T HAVE QUIT LIKE THAT... I'LL DROP OVER AND SPEAK TO HIM!
AT DEADLINE'S HOUSE...
MRS. DAWSON, IS DEADLINE AT HOME?
WHY, NO, TERRY.. HE ISN'T!
125
OH AT THE OFFICE, EH?
I SUPPOSE SO -- HE'S SO BUSY THESE DAYS... WHY, HE DIDN'T EVEN COME HOME LAST NIGHT!
WHAT?
WHY THE DIRTY STAY— OUT!

TERRY PEDALS FURIOUSLY...
THERE'S SOMETHING AWFULLY STRANGE GOING ON HERE! I HOPE THAT MR. GAINES HASN'T LEFT THE STATION YET.. AND WE'LL FIND OUT!
MINUTES LATER.. AT THE BROADCASTING STATION..
MR. GAINES? THERE HE GOES NOW, SONNY.
OH! THANKS!
TERRY TRAILS GAINES' CAR OUT OF THE CITY...
WE MANAGED TO KEEP UP TO THEM WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF STREET LIGHTS-- BUT WE'RE SURE TO LOSE HIM NOW! DARN!
MAYBE HE'LL RUN OUT OF GAS!
ONE HOUR LATER...AFTER TEDIOUS TRACKING AND TRAILING!
LUCKY THERE AREN'T MANY CARS ON THE ROAD THESE DAYS...IT LOOKS AS IF THEY TURNED OFF HERE! LET'S GO, DOC!
CHK! CHK!
THEN, FINALLY...
THERE IT IS-- OH, SHUCKS! IT'S OFF AGAIN!
WE'D NEVER CATCH IT NOW-- IT'S GETTING DARK! BEST THING FOR US TO DO IS TO LOOK THIS SHACK OVER!
TERRY MAKES A QUICK SEARCH...
NOTHING HERE BUT THE SPIDERS! LET'S... WHAT? FOUND SOMETHING?
CHK! CHK! CHKKK! HEY--WONDER WHAT'S IN HERE!
TERRY OPENS THE LOCK--THEN THE DOOR--
DEADLINE!
FNNF-

A SHORT TIME LATER... ON THE WAY BACK TO TOWN...
YOU SAY HE'S A SPY? ARE YOU SURE?
NO! BUT HE MUST BE: I THINK HE'S USING HIS PROGRAM FOR SOME PURPOSE LIKE THAT! HURRY!
OH, BOY! WE'RE GOING INTO ACTION AGAIN!
WHY HURRY NOW? HE'S PROBABLY HALF-WAY TO --
OH, NO! HE'S DUE TO BROADCAST AGAIN AT MIDNIGHT TO THE WEST COAST! WE HAVE UNTIL THEN TO PIN SOMETHING ON HIM!
WHY THE SERVICE ENTRANCE?
COME, COME, OLD MAN... YOU'RE RIBBING ME!-- SURPRISE IS NECESSARY IN ANY SPY PLOT, LET'S GO!
SERVICE NTRANCE NFUN
THE BOYS SNEAK UPSTAIRS INTO A SMALL TEST STUDIO...
WAIT HERE... NO ONE USES IT... I'LL GO THROUGH HIS OFFICE AND LOCKER! BE RIGHT BACK!
BETTER BE CAREFUL!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
LOOK HERE! PAPERS... CODES... SPY STUFF! WE'VE HIT THE JACK POT!
WE'LL PIN THAT BABY'S EARS BACK SO FAR, HE'LL BE ABLE TO KNOT 'EM FROM THE BACK!
SEE? EACH QUESTION HE ASKS IS A CODE THAT GIVES ENEMY SUBS THE SAILING TIME OF SHIPS LEAVING OUR COASTAL PORTS!
WOW!
HOT STUFF, HEH?
CONGRATULATIONS, BOYS! IT'S A PITY SUCH CLEVER DETECTIVES HAVE TO DIE SO YOUNG!
GAINES!
WHA--
6

DR. WATSON CREEPS UNNOTICED BEHIND THE SPY!
YOU'RE A DIRTY SPY... AND WE CAN PROVE IT!
AH! BUT NO-ONE ELSE SHALL EVER KNOW! I... HERE! WHAT AMUSES YOU?
OKAY, KEED! I KNOW WHAT COMES NEXT!
-ER, I WAS CAUTIONING MY MONKEY TO BE GOOD OR YOU MIGHT SHOOT HIM! ...
VERY SMART ATTITUDE... BUT UNFORTUNATELY, IT WILL NOT HELP!
YOU KNOW, I'VE CERTAINLY GOT TO TAKE MY HAT OFF TO YOU, MISTER! YOU'VE CERTAINLY GOT EVERYTHING FIGURED OUT!
NATURALLY! WE OF THE THIRD REICH SURPASS YOUR INFERIOR MINDS!!
YES, AND JUST AS MY RADIO PROGRAM SINKS SHIPS... SO WILL YOUR DECADENT DEMOCRACIES FALL TO THE FORCE OF THE NEW ORDER! HEIL HITLER!
BEAUTIFUL SPEECH, BUD! NOW DROP THAT GUN, OR I'LL DROP YOU!
NICE WORK, KIDS! WE HEARD THE WHOLE THING UPSTAIRS!
TERRY EXPLAINS...
I MOTIONED TO DR WATSON -- HE SIMPLY OBEYED AND TURNED THE MIKE ON! OKAY?
WONDERFUL!
HOLY SMOKES! IT'S TIME FOR THAT WEST COAST BROADCAST!
BOY, I'M GOOD I AM!
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE! TAKE THIS GUY'S SCRIPT AND GO TO TOWN IN HIS PLACE!
BUT... BUT I'D BE HELPING THE ENEMY! IT'S CODE!
YOU'LL BE HELPING THEM ALL RIGHT--TO A WATERY GRAVE! I'LL SEE TO IT THAT THE NAVY GETS THERE THE SAME TIME THE SUBS DO! GOOD LUCK, KID!
CHECK! WITH TERRY VANCE BEHIND ME, I CAN'T LOSE!
AND WITH ALL THE LITTLE PEOPLE WHO MAKE UP THE GREATEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD BACKING OUR OWN WAR EFFORT BY BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS, WE CAN'T LOSE EITHER!

BOOBY PRIZE

THE plane lay in the valley near the edge of the woods, irreparable, riddled with bullets. Cliff looked it over carefully, realizing with a sinking feeling at the pit of his stomach that the radio was out of whack. Besides which they were in enemy territory. He and Bert had spotted a band of Jap patrols.

"We're sunk," Cliff admitted, walking back into the woods to where Bert rested on the ground, his face pinched and white with the pain of his broken leg. "Even the radio's done for. And we wouldn't dare use it . . . would be a dead give away."

Bert said nothing. He leaned against the trunk of a tree, his hands knotted in his lap, his face tilted forward, eyes closed. Somewhere in far-off hills a bird called raucously, the wind whispered a lilting tune in the trees overhead.

Cliff knelt down. "Chin up, guy. We've been in jams before and we've always come out on top."

Bert lifted his head, looked down into the sun-bathed valley, at the crippled ship. "Starboard motor was shot already. Those dirty devils—if Vic hadn't been done for . . . he is, isn't he?"

Cliff nodded. "Yeah. There's just the two of us." He stood up. "Hang onto the rifle. Those Japs back there in the hills . . . they'll come snooping around sooner or later. I'm going to fix up a little reception party—"

"Hold it," Bert said sharply. "Look, guy. No use you hanging around playing nurse-maid to me. Get some grub together and hoof it. I—I'll make out—"

"We'll both make out, Bert. We're sticking together. Keep an eye peeled now, while I fix things up. We've got a couple of block-busters left. I'll rig them up where we can see 'em from the hills. When these yellow so-and-so's come snooping around we'll nip one of the bombs with the rifle! Hold everything!"

Cliff stood at the edge of the woods, staring away into the hills, seeking any signs of life. It was inevitable that sooner or later they'd have trouble. Sooner or later the plane must be discovered.

Cliff darted forward through the high grass to where the ship stood. It was hot here in the open, with heat waves shimmering up into the still air. The big bomber smelled of gas and oil, which had spewed from the motors when they were blasted into uselessness. In the "greenhouse" at the back, Vic was slumped at the controls of his gun. Vic had been a swell guy.

RESOLUTELY Cliff went about the business ahead of him. The big bomb was heavy, took all he had to get it into place, conceal it where they could see it from the hills and yet where the Nips would not notice until too late. They were clever, devilish clever, these little yellow men. . . .

It was done finally and Cliff returned to where Bert waited, still propped against the tree, the rifle gripped in white-knuckled hands. "We'll have to find the right location now," Cliff said. "Hang on a while longer. Try to rest. I've brought all the provisions I could. We'll get a break yet, feller!"

But Cliff was worried. Those Jap soldiers couldn't have missed the wounded bomber gliding in low over the hills, would right now probably be searching for it. Armed with his automatic, Cliff turned back into the hills. He'd climb to a promontory somewhere, take a look around, select the right spot for them, from which they could look into the valley. And . . . wait.

He reached a bluff which commanded the valley, and below, as far as Cliff could see, there was no one—

He turned. Instantly he saw a lone Jap emerge from the woods across to his left, saw him swinging a rifle to his shoulder—

Desperately Cliff plunged toward the woods. Something caught him a glancing blow across the shoulder and he stumbled, went forward onto his face. The force of his fall drove his head against a rock on the ground, and unconsciousness swooped upon him.

OPENING his eyes, Cliff looked up into the dazzling sunlight, against which was silhouetted the stocky body of a Jap soldier. A rough boot prodded Cliff sharply. Voices chattered unintelligibly, someone laughed thickly.

"Amelican flier," a voice said, amusement ringing disdainfully. "Not wanted by us. Most unfortunate—"

Cliff gained his feet slowly, painfully. His shoulder throbbed where the bullet had creased it; his head spun as he stood surrounded by menacing faces. Bayonetted rifles hemmed him in and Cliff knew they'd finish him for the sheer fun of it.

"Okay," he said grimly. "What're you going to do about it?"

"No smart talk," was the answer. 'Honorable Highness say no plisoners. So . . ."

Cliff nodded. "I get it. Okay. Go ahead with the fireworks. Or are you waiting for an invitation?"

"Ah, yes. But first . . . Honolable Sons have much gleater idea. One Yankee . . . not enough. Must have others. Use one as bait—"

Cliff scowled. Did they know about Bert? Were they planning to dig him out, finish him off? Cliff's muscles bunched. He had less than a Chinaman's chance right now, but it was worth trying—

"Come now," the leader ordered. "Bling smart Yankee back to scene of disaster. Amelican plane sighted only short time ago. Use flier as bait—"

Cliff hurled himself forward. It was suicide but worth it. A crushing blow smashed into one grinning face. A head snapped back, the body fell like a sack of cornmeal.

"Here's another!" Cliff shouted. "Dirty devils—"

He smashed another right in . . . then they were upon him, battering with rifle stocks, chattering excitedly, amusedly, as they pounded him into senselessness upon the ground.

IT WAS stifling in the valley. Cliff opened his eyes, peered dully up at the gleaming sky overhead, listening to a sound that came through the thick pain surrounding him. It was a bomber coming in over the hills, the drone of motors sweet and smooth.

He knew, without being able to see, that he lay near the crippled ship, knew without being told that the Japs who had captured him were ambushed in the bomber itself. It wasn't a clever plan at all, but one which would work, nevertheless. He was lying there, wrists and ankles bound, in full view of anyone coming in over the valley. His body was pounded into uselessness, a bruised pulp from which all strength was gone.

Up in the rescue plane were friends of his, men he'd been fighting alongside of all these months, men who would see the wrecked bomber, his body lying here in the grass, men who would risk their own lives to make a landing and try to help. Men who would approach only so close before murderous gunfire from the shelter of the crippled ship would cut them down.

Cliff strained at the bonds holding him. His throat was pinched, his tongue swollen. His lungs were aching for breath. . . .

He saw the approaching plane then, an American ship circling above the valley, saw it dip toward the north. The motors thundered off into a drowsy hum; and Cliff could hear the approaching sigh of the big ship as she glided down for a landing. . . .

Frantically Cliff threw his strength against the cords which cut deep into his wrists. It was no use. With a last desperate effort, he lunged to his feet, began hopping through the high grass.

He saw the big bomber gliding in, the props still whirling restlessly. Men were spilling out of it, racing toward Cliff. His feet floundered in the high grass. He pitched forward—

A SHATTERING explosion ripped the air. Searing flame leaped up from the crippled bomber, enveloping it completely for a brief second. Bits of it were flung up into the air, dirt and smoke rolling up into the sky. . . .

Friendly hands pulled Cliff to his feet, cut the cords from his ankles and wrists. Grinning faces surrounded him, hard, sunburned faces, men who laughed when they stood on the edge of death.

"What happened?" someone asked. "Hey . . . you're Cliff Norton, aren't you?"

"What's left of him," Cliff admitted. "You guys just about walked into it . . . the Japs were in the bomber. It was an ambush. They were using me as a decoy—"

"Yeah, but the explosion."

Cliff Norton turned toward the distant edge of the woods. Bert emerged, leaning against the trunk of a tree, waving a rifle toward them. His splintered leg hung cumbersomely.

"Bert," Cliff Norton said softly. "We were planning a little surprise party for the Nips ourselves. Bert's aim is good still. I rigged up a block-buster where we could detonate it from the hills, figuring on catching our *friends* snooping around. I forgot Bert—"

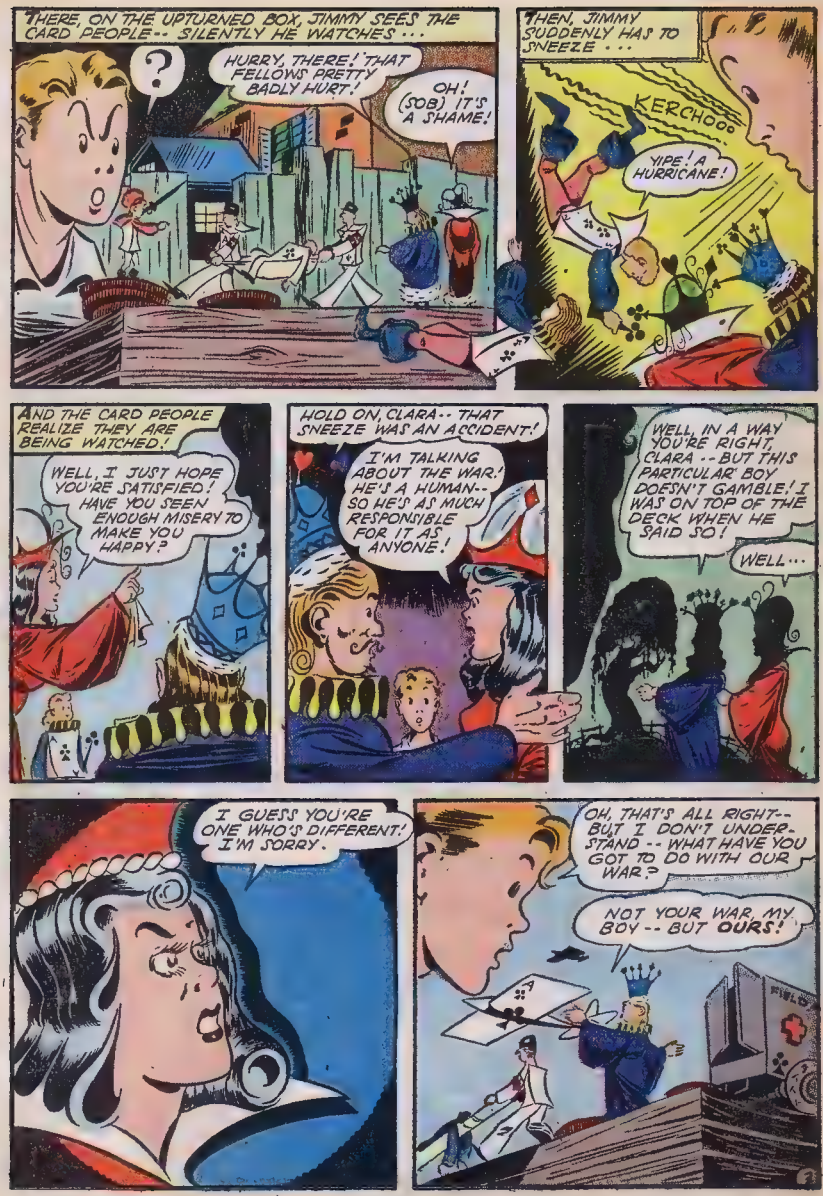
"Surprise party," huh?" a tanned gunner laughed.

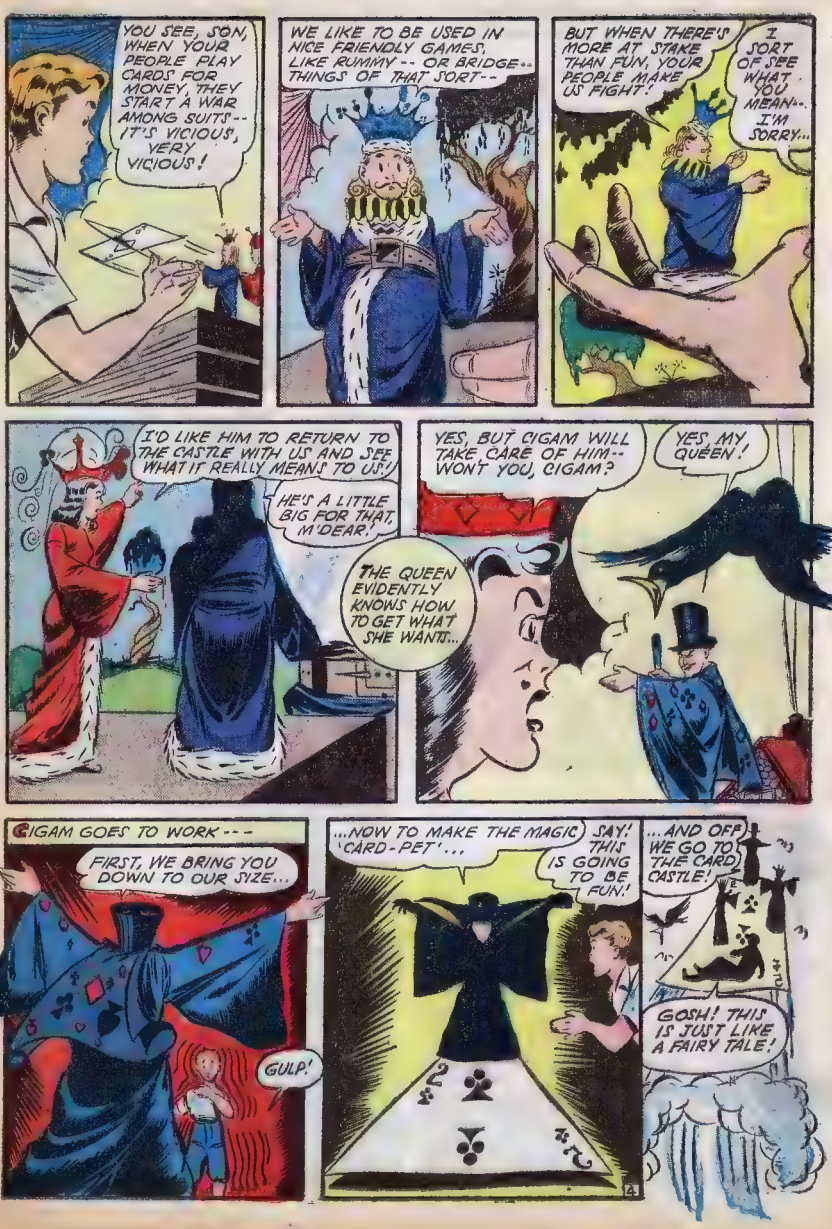
Cliff nodded. "With a booby prize. The Nips won that. Smart guys, these Nips!"

THE END

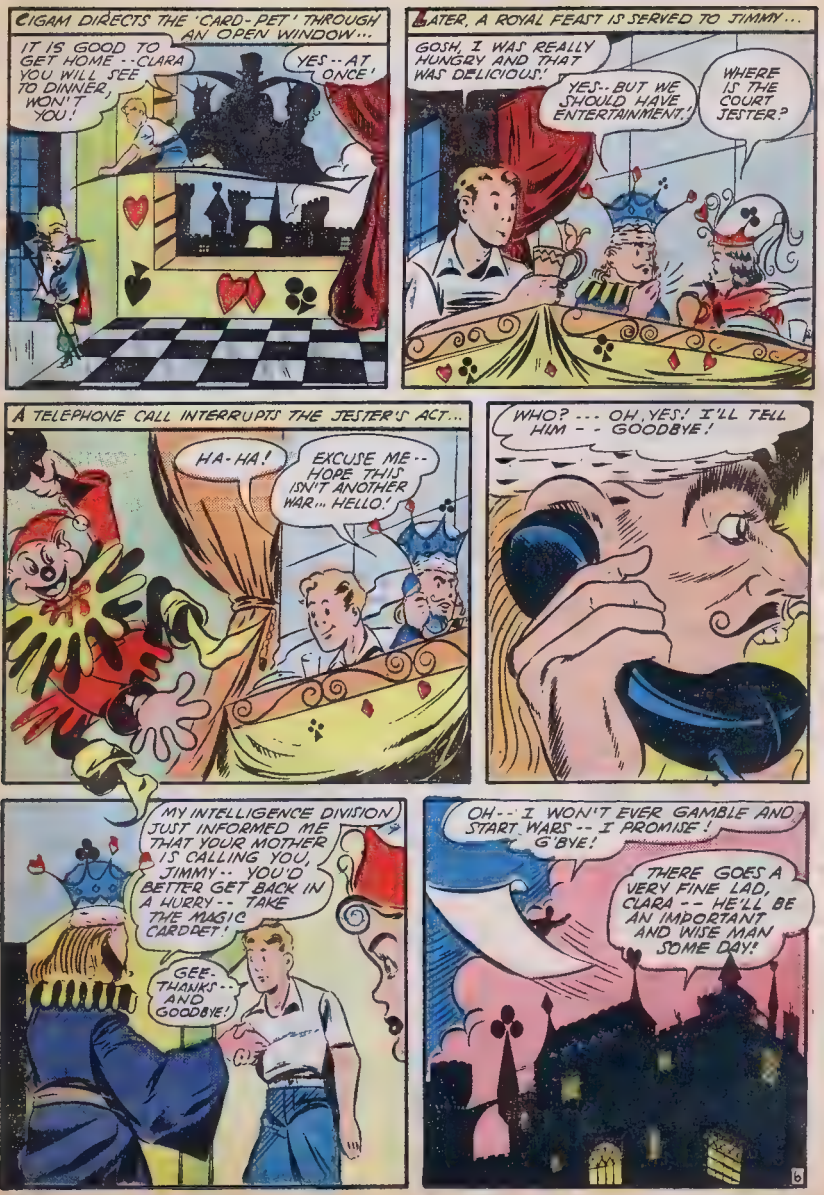
JIMMY JUPITER
"VISITS THE PLAYING CARD CASTLE"
JIMMY JUPITER PAYS A VISIT TO THE ROYAL PALACE OF THE CARDS AND LEARNS A LESSON EVERYONE MUST KNOW!
HEY, JIMMY, WANTA PLAY A GAME WITH US?
NAW -- THAT'S SISSY STUFF! C'MON -- YOU'LL SEE!
GEE -- SURE! WHAT'LL IT BE, TAG?

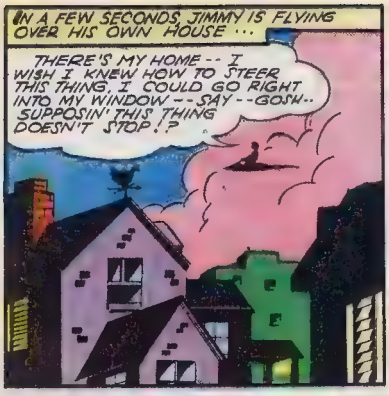
OH, CARDS-- WHAT IS IT, PETE, RUMMY?
HECK, NO -- WE'RE GAMBLING! THIS IS POKER! HOW MANY PENNIES HAVE YA GOT?
POKER FOR PENNIES, EH? SORRY, BUT I PROMISED MOM I WOULDN'T GAMBLE!
NYAH! YOU'RE A SISSY!
YOU'RE SCARED OF LOSIN'!
NOPE -- BUT A PROMISE IS A PROMISE! SAY, YOU FELLOWS DON'T WANT TO PLAY BASE-BALL -- OKAY, I'LL JUST READ!
NUTS! DEAL 'EM, PETE!
AW, GROW UP, JIMMY!
TOO BAD THEY THINK I'M NOT A GOOD SPORT-- BUT I GUESS IT CAN'T BE HELPED...
(YAWN) GOSH, I'M SLEEPY--- OHHHH!!
JIMMY DOZES OFF- PETE'S MOTHER CALLS HIM.
PETER! COME HOME THIS MINUTE!
GOSH-- IT'S GETTIN' LATE!
OH! OH! MOM! I'M SCRAMMIN' FELLAS!
GEE-- I'D BETTER GET HOME, TOO!
AND JIMMY IS LEFT ALONE WITH HIS DREAMS...
A LITTLE WHILE LATER, JIMMY HEARS SOMEONE---OR SOMETHING SPEAK...
WHAT WAS-- OMIGOSH! WHAT'S GOING ON THERE!

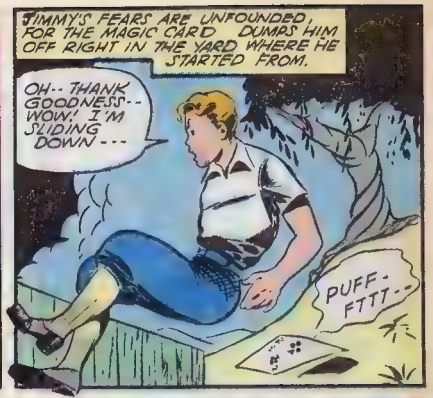

THERE, ON THE UPTURNED BOX, JIMMY SEES THE CARD PEOPLE-- SILENTLY HE WATCHES...
?
HURRY, THERE! THAT FELLOWS PRETTY BADLY HURT!
OH! (SOB) IT'S A SHAME!
THEN, JIMMY SUDDENLY HAS TO SNEEZE...
KERCHOOO
YIPE! A HURRICANE!
AND THE CARD PEOPLE REALIZE THEY ARE BEING WATCHED!
WELL, I JUST HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED! HAVE YOU SEEN ENOUGH MISERY TO MAKE YOU HAPPY?
HOLD ON, CLARA-- THAT SNEEZE WAS AN ACCIDENT!
I'M TALKING ABOUT THE WAR! HE'S A HUMAN-- SO HE'S AS MUCH RESPONSIBLE FOR IT AS ANYONE!
WELL, IN A WAY YOU'RE RIGHT, CLARA -- BUT THIS PARTICULAR BOY DOESN'T GAMBLE! I WAS ON TOP OF THE DECK WHEN HE SAID SO!
WELL...
I GUESS YOU'RE ONE WHO'S DIFFERENT! I'M SORRY.
OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT-- BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND -- WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO DO WITH OUR WAR?
NOT YOUR WAR, MY BOY -- BUT OURS!


YOU SEE, SON, WHEN YOUR PEOPLE PLAY CARDS FOR MONEY, THEY START A WAR AMONG SUITS--IT'S VICIOUS, VERY VICIOUS!
WE LIKE TO BE USED IN NICE FRIENDLY GAMES; LIKE RUMMY -- OR BRIDGE-- THINGS OF THAT SORT--
BUT WHEN THERE'S MORE AT STAKE THAN FUN, YOUR PEOPLE MAKE US FIGHT!
I SORT OF SEE WHAT YOU MEAN-- I'M SORRY...
I'D LIKE HIM TO RETURN TO THE CASTLE WITH US AND SEE WHAT IT REALLY MEANS TO US!
HE'S A LITTLE BIG FOR THAT, M'DEAR!
THE QUEEN EVIDENTLY KNOWS HOW TO GET WHAT SHE WANT...
YES, BUT CIGAM WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM-- WON'T YOU, CIGAM?
YES, MY QUEEN!
CIGAM GOES TO WORK---
FIRST, WE BRING YOU DOWN TO OUR SIZE...
GULP!
...NOW TO MAKE THE MAGIC 'CARD-PET'...
SAY! THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN!
...AND OFF WE GO TO THE CARD CASTLE!
GOSH! THIS IS JUST LIKE A FAIRY TALE!

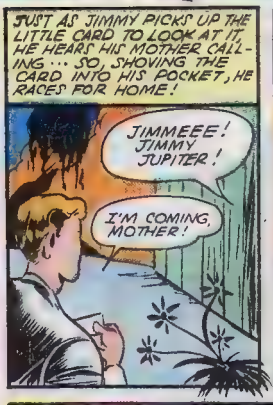
GEE -- WE 'RE PRETTY HIGH UP AREN'T WE ?
YES -- BETTER SIT DOWN JIMMY YOU MIGHT FALL!
THE PARTY RIDES ON THROUGH THE AIR UNTIL ...
SEE, JIMMY -- OVER THERE -- THAT'S PLAYING CARD CASTLE!
GOSH -- IT'S BIG, ISN'T IT ?
LOOK DOWN IN THE COURTYARD, JIMMY -- THERE ARE CARD PEOPLE PLAYING A NICE FRIENDLY GAME ...
THE KING IS INTERRUPTED BY THE CASTLE BUGLER!
FAR BELOW JIMMY CAN SEE A TROOP OF CARD SOLDIERS COME TO ATTENTION!
ORDERS ARE, OVERCOME ALL SPADES, HEARTS AND DIAMONDS!
GOODNESS -- GOODNESS! SOMEONE ELSE IS GAMBLING AGAIN!
AND, THE WORST PART OF IT IS, NO-ONE CAN REALLY WIN! OUR PEOPLE DESTROY ONE ANOTHER AND YOUR PEOPLE ARE RUINED BY MONEY THEY HAVEN'T EARNED HONESTLY!
WELL, WE CAN DO NOTHING NOW -- COME, I'LL SHOW YOU THE CASTLE!
GOSH -- I HOPE NO-ONE GETS BADLY HURT!
5


CIGAM DIRECTS THE 'CARD-PET' THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW...
IT IS GOOD TO GET HOME -- CLARA YOU WILL SEE TO DINNER, WON'T YOU!
YES -- AT ONCE!
LATER, A ROYAL FEAST IS SERVED TO JIMMY...
GOSH, I WAS REALLY HUNGRY AND THAT WAS DELICIOUS!
YES -- BUT WE SHOULD HAVE ENTERTAINMENT!
WHERE IS THE COURT JESTER?
A TELEPHONE CALL INTERRUPTS THE JESTER'S ACT...
HA-HA!
EXCUSE ME -- HOPE THIS ISN'T ANOTHER WAR... HELLO!
WHO? --- OH, YES! I'LL TELL HIM -- GOODBYE!
MY INTELLIGENCE DIVISION JUST INFORMED ME THAT YOUR MOTHER IS CALLING YOU, JIMMY -- YOU'D BETTER GET BACK IN A HURRY -- TAKE THE MAGIC CARDPET!
GEE-THANKS -- AND GOODBYE!
OH -- I WON'T EVER GAMBLE AND START WARS -- I PROMISE! G'BYE!
THERE GOES A VERY FINE LAD, CLARA -- HE'LL BE AN IMPORTANT AND WISE MAN SOME DAY!
6

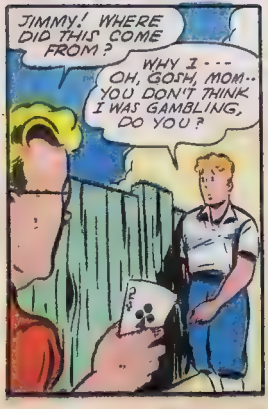

IN A FEW SECONDS, JIMMY IS FLYING OVER HIS OWN HOUSE ···
THERE'S MY HOME -- I WISH I KNEW HOW TO STEER THIS THING. I COULD GO RIGHT INTO MY WINDOW -- SAY -- GOSH.. SUPPOSIN' THIS THING DOESN'T STOP!?

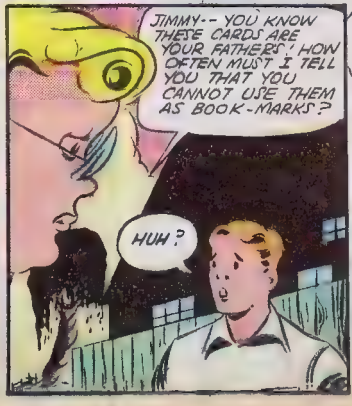

JIMMY'S FEARS ARE UNFOUNDED, FOR THE MAGIC CARD DUMPS HIM OFF RIGHT IN THE YARD WHERE HE STARTED FROM.
OH -- THANK GOODNESS -- WOW! I'M SLIDING DOWN ---
PUFF - FTTT --

OUCH -- WHERE'S THE MAGIC CARPET - HEY! IS THAT IT? DID IT SHRINK? GOSH --


JUST AS JIMMY PICKS UP THE LITTLE CARD TO LOOK AT IT, HE HEARS HIS MOTHER CALLING ··· SO, SHOVING THE CARD INTO HIS POCKET, HE RACES FOR HOME!
JIMMEEE! JIMMY JUPITER!
I'M COMING, MOTHER!

MY GOODNESS, JIMMY, I'VE BEEN CALLING AND CALLING --- WHERE HAVE YOU ··· HMM -- - WHAT'S THIS?


JIMMY! WHERE DID THIS COME FROM?
WHY I ··· OH, GOSH, MOM.. YOU DON'T THINK I WAS GAMBLING, DO YOU?


JIMMY -- YOU KNOW THESE CARDS ARE YOUR FATHER'S! HOW OFTEN MUST I TELL YOU THAT YOU CANNOT USE THEM AS BOOK-MARKS?
HUH?

GEE --- D'YA SUPPOSE I COULD'VE JUST BEEN DREAMING ALL THAT?

END.

the VISION
A THOUSAND FEET BELOW THE EARTH'S CRUST, THE VISION PLAYS A MELODRAMA OF DANGER AND REVENGE
IN A ROOMING-HOUSE SITUATED IN THE COAL MINING TOWN OF RANKIN...
HERE'S YOUR ONE GRAND IN ADVANCE, LUCKY!
AND OUR AGREEMENT IS THAT I GET THE REST OF THE FIVE THOUSAND AFTER I STOP THE PRODUCTION OF COAL IN THE SUNSET MINE.
RIGHT.

LEAVE EVERY-THING TO ME! AS MINE FOREMAN, I KNOW JUST HOW TO WRECK THAT MINE!
GOOT! WE SHALL STAY IN TOWN AND OBSERVE YOUR METHODS!
OKAY!
HUH! WHATTA BREAK! I'LL GET TWO YEARS SALARY FOR TWO DAYS WORK!
THE BLACK-MINDED LUCKY ENTERS HIS ROOM..
WHAT A BREAK! THIS'LL BE THE EASIEST MONEY I'VE EVER MADE!
LET'S SEE ... FIVE GRAND! THAT MEANS A TRIP TO MEXICO... HMMM ...
BUT-- WHERE THERE IS EVIL, THERE IS ALSO THE VISION
MORTAL FOOL!
HOLY COW! WHAT TH-?
LISTEN TO WORDS OF WISDOM--
2

I'M ADVISING YOU TO GIVE UP THIS EVIL SCHEME! -- TURN THOSE NAZIS OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES.
LISTEN, BUD, I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU CAME FROM, BUT MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, OR ELSE...
VERY WELL, I'VE WARNED YOU!
THE VISION RETURNS TO HIS LAND OF ETERNAL SMOKE
WHAT IN -- I MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING --- THAT GUY COULDN'T HAVE BEEN REAL!
AND THE NEXT DAY AT THE SUNSET MINE ---
TODAY'S THE DAY-- THESE POOR SLOBS DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE IN FOR!
ONE HOUR LATER...
I GUESS IT'S TIME -- NO-ONE'S WATCHING ME!
THERE ... NOW TO SCRAM BE-FORE SHE BLOWS!
MINUTES LATER, AN EAR-SHATTERING BLAST BRINGS DOWN TONS OF COAL AND DEBRIS ...
BLAM ...

AN EXPLOSION! GET OUT BEFORE THE WHOLE TUNNEL CAVES IN!
HURRY!
A CAVE-IN! THE MINE'S A DEATH TRAP! DON'T GO DOWN!
BUT THOSE MEN DOWN THERE...
WE'LL TAKE OUR CHANCES
THE EMERGENCY SQUAD ENTERS THE ELEVATOR...
O.K.! TAKE 'ER DOWN.
I'LL FIX THEM!
I'LL THROW OUT THIS SAFETY CLUTCH...
AND...
EEIEEEE!
THE ELEVATOR'S CABLE SNAPPED!
THE ELEVATOR CRASHES TO THE BOTTOM!
OOHHHHHHH!!!
IEEIEEEEE!
CRASH!
AND FROM THE SWIRLING SMOKE OF THIS GRIM SCENE OF DEATH APPEARS A POWERFUL FIGURE -
LUCKY WILSON HAS SIGNED HIS OWN DEATH WARRANT!

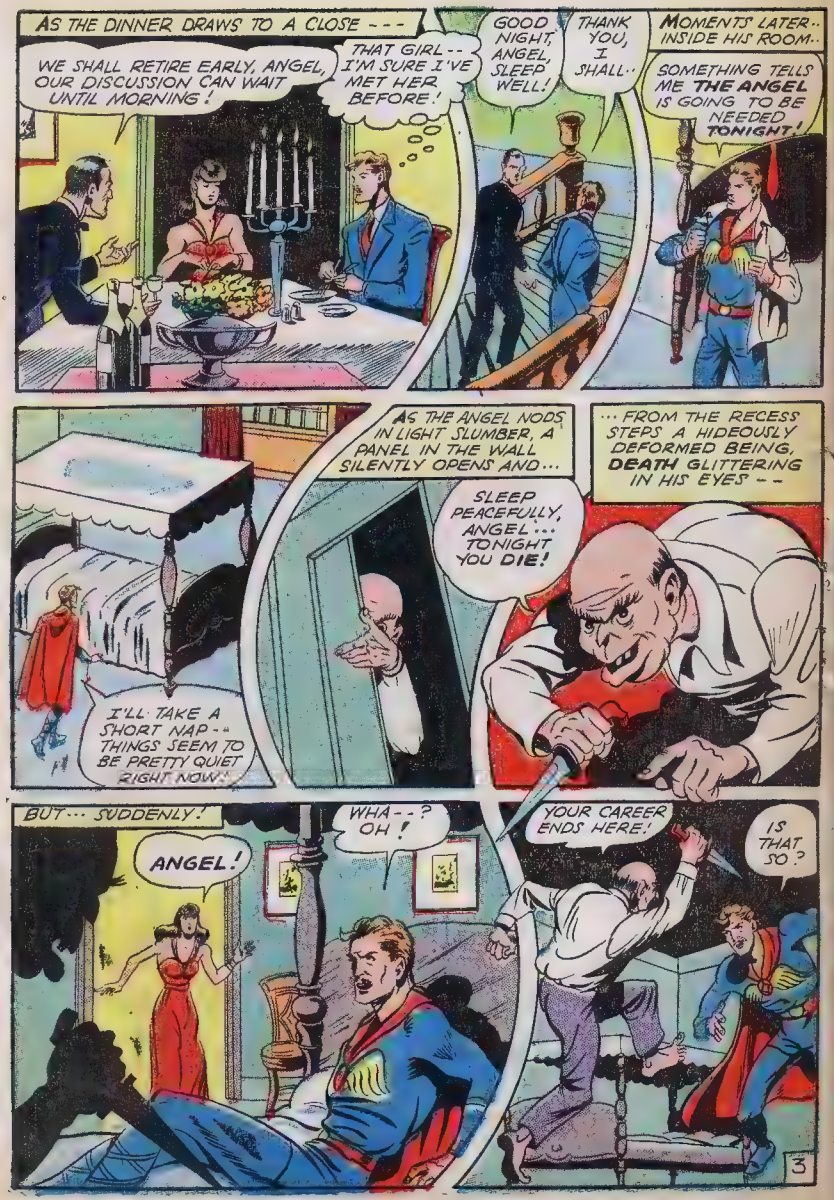
HE MUST PAY FOR HIS CRIME!
MEANWHILE, THE BLACK-HEARTED LUCKY ATTEMPTS A MASTER STROKE --
THIS BOX OF T.N.T. WILL FINISH OFF THE MINE -- THEN I CAN COLLECT MY DOUGH!
But...
PUT THAT BOX DOWN!
WHA...! YOU AGAIN!
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT--
I? I AM THE VISION, LUCKY -- I STAND FOR GOOD!
LUCKY PULLS A GUN AND FIRES POINT-BLANK AT THE GALLANT VISION!
FOOL! BULLETS CANNOT HARM ME!
YEOW! TH' GUY'S INHUMAN!
I'VE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME, STUPID ONE!
WHAT KIND OF MAN IS HE WHO WOULD SELL HIS FREEDOM? -- NOW, HE GOES TO JOIN THE NAZI DOGS BELIEVING THEY WILL BEFRIEND HIM!

SHAKING WITH TERROR, LUCKY CRASHES INTO THE NAZI HIDEOUT!
YOU! WHY AREN'T YOU DOWN AT THE MINE?
THE VISION'S AFTER ME!
VISION!? WHAT STUPID NONSENSE IS THIS?
HE'LL KILL ME--HE'LL KILL US ALL--GIVE ME MY MONEY! I'M GONNA GET OUT OF HERE!
DUMBKOPF! YOU RECEIVE NO MONEY UNTIL YOU'VE WRECKED THAT MINE--STOP BABBLING ABOUT VISIONS! VERSTEHENSIE?
OW!
THEN...
DID SOMEONE MENTION MY NAME?
IT'S HIM! THAT'S THE VISION!
I'VE HAD MY FILL OF THIS VISION--BAH!
NO! HE'S NOT HUMAN! BULLETS DON'T TOUCH HIM!
WHAT LUCKY SAYS IS TRUE--HE TRIED IT! YOU MEN OF EVIL CANNOT STOP ME!
ACH--NEIN! LET GO OF ME!
AND EVIL SHALL DESTROY ITSELF WHEN OPPOSED BY GOOD!
6

THE NAZIS MAKE A DESPERATE MOVE TO ESCAPE...
YE GET OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW, BOYS! YE'RE ON DE GROUND FLOOR!
YES! OUT THE WINDOW-- LOOK OUT THE WINDOW! HURRY!
LOOKING OUT, THEY ARE HORRIFIED TO SEE ...
ACH, HIMMEL! LOOK AT DAT ANGRY MOB!
IT'S THE MINERS!
YES, IT'S THE MINERS-- IT WAS THEIR BROTHERS AND FATHERS YOU HAVE KILLED! THEY'VE COME TO SEEK JUSTICE!
YOU--YOU TOLD THEM!
NO, THAT WAS NOT NECESSARY! THEY KNEW WHEN THEY FOUND TRACES OF SABOTAGE AT THE BASE OF THE SHAFT!
THEN, THE DOOR IS CRASHED IN!
STOP THEM, VISION! PLEASE! THEY'LL KILL ME!
HERE ARE THE GUYS WHO DID IT! GET THEM!
I CANNOT INTERFERE, LUCKY. I CAN ONLY POINT OUT THE RIGHT ROAD!
MY BROTHER WAS KILLED DOWN THERE, LUCKY!
YES, THOSE WHO SEE THE RIGHT PATH AND STILL TAKE THE WRONG ONE MUST COME TO DEATH FOR THE LIFE OF HIS MIND IS ALREADY DEAD!
SOCK!
NO! PLEASE! OWW! AHHH--
WHAM!
BIFF!

The ANGEL
"GHASTLY SECRET of CASTLE MOOD"

INSIDE CASTLE MOOD, SITS A MORBID, SATANIC-LOOKING INDIVIDUAL ··· LORD MOOD!
THE ANGEL HAS ACCEPTED MY WEEK-END INVITATION ··· HAH! THE PLEASURE WILL BE ALL MINE!
TELEGRAM
THAT VERY AFTERNOON ···
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CAB TO LORD MOOD'S CASTLE ···
HMM! LOOKS LIKE ALL THE PORTERS ARE BUSY.
SUDDENLY, A VEILED WOMAN WHISPERS TO THE ANGEL ···
DON'T GO TO CASTLE MOOD ··· DANGER ···
WHAT? SAY··· WAIT A MOMENT!
BUT BEFORE THE ANGEL CAN QUESTION HER, THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER VANISHES IN THE CROWD.
SHE'S GONE!··· ODD! OH, WELL I'D BETTER BE GETTING ALONG!
LATER, AT THE CASTLE --
I TRUST YOUR TRIP WAS A PLEASANT ONE?
VERY LORD MOOD! WHY HAVE YOU ASKED ME TO COME?
WE HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO DISCUSS -ER- BUSINESS! ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY SISTER--LUCY!
HOW DO YOU DO?
HMM--SHE LOOKS RATHER DISTRAUGHT!
AND NOW, ANGEL, SHALL WE DINE?
2


AS THE DINNER DRAWS TO A CLOSE - - -
WE SHALL RETIRE EARLY, ANGEL, OUR DISCUSSION CAN WAIT UNTIL MORNING!
THAT GIRL - - I'M SURE I'VE MET HER BEFORE!
GOOD NIGHT, ANGEL, SLEEP WELL!
THANK YOU, I SHALL..
MOMENTS LATER.. INSIDE HIS ROOM..
SOMETHING TELLS ME THE ANGEL IS GOING TO BE NEEDED TONIGHT!
I'LL TAKE A SHORT NAP - - THINGS SEEM TO BE PRETTY QUIET RIGHT NOW!
AS THE ANGEL NODS IN LIGHT SLUMBER, A PANEL IN THE WALL SILENTLY OPENS AND...
SLEEP PEACEFULLY, ANGEL... TONIGHT YOU DIE!
... FROM THE RECESS STEPS A HIDEOUSLY DEFORMED BEING, DEATH GLITTERING IN HIS EYES - -
BUT... SUDDENLY!
ANGEL!
WHA - - ? OH!
YOUR CAREER ENDS HERE!
IS THAT SO?
3

I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE YOUR MIND RATHER QUICKLY!
AGHRR!
SEE?
THE FALLEN HUNCHBACK FLINGS HIS KNIFE ...
NOW, YOU DIE!
BUT THE ANGEL NIMBLY DUCKS.
WOW! I MUST HAVE A CHARMED LIFE!
#@!* *&? #**
BETTER LEAVE IN A HURRY!
BUT AN INTERRUPTION.
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
OH!
EH?
HE'S GONE! WHY DID YOU COME TO MY ROOM?
IT WAS I WHO WARNED YOU AT THE STATION!
IF YOU DON'T MIND, HOW ABOUT LETTING ME KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!
I WILL... I WANTED TO TELL YOU THAT LORD MOOD IS NOT...
4

BARELY TWO MINUTES AGO, A HUNCHBACK TRIED TO KNIFE ME!
WHAT? THERE IS NO HUNCHBACK IN THE CASTLE!
PERHAPS NOT... BUT ONE CAME THROUGH A SECRET PANEL IN THAT WALL -- HE ESCAPED THE SAME WAY!
INDEED? LET'S SEE THIS SECRET PANEL!
I DON'T SEE HOW IT CAN OPEN...
ONE SECOND... ..WATCH!
THERE! I FOUND THE SECRET DEPRESS!
MY WORD!
SHALL WE-ER-VENTURE BELOW?
SURE! I WANT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!
TO THINK THAT ALL THIS IS GOING ON IN MY CASTLE!
CAUTIOUSLY THE TRIO DESCENDS THE STONE STAIRS.
SSH--- THERE'S A LIGHT IN THAT CHAMBER BELOW!...
5

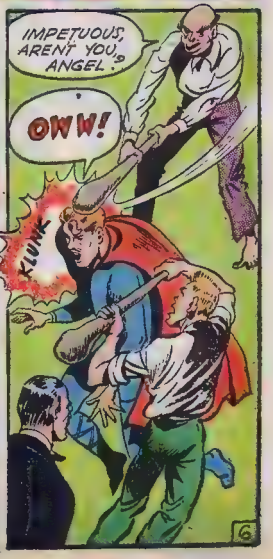
ENTERING THE LIGHTED CHAMBER, THEY COME UPON A SCENE OF INDESCRIBABLE HORROR...
OHH!
LIKE A SCENE FROM THE DARK AGES!

ANGEL! THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO TELL YOU -- THIS MAN IS AN IMPOSTER --- MY BROTHER, THE REAL LORD MOOD, IS THERE -- CHAINED TO THE WALL!

THE ANGEL WHEELS, AND ---
THEN WHO ARE YOU?
HAH! ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MYSELF: KAPITAN KRAUST OF THE GERMAN GESTAPO!

AND MY COLLEAGUES! COME IN, HUGO -- KARL!
WHY YOU...!

UNFURIATED, THE ANGEL LEAPS FOR CAPTAIN KRAUST...
I'LL SKIN YOUR MURDERING HIDE!
ULP! HUGO! KARL! GET HIM!


IMPETUOUS, AREN'T YOU, ANGEL?
OWW!
KLUNK

WHY DON'T YOU STOP THIS, YOU- YOU FILTHY BEAST!
SILENCE! TIE HIM TO THE WALL LIKE THE OTHERS...
GOOT! GOOT! NOW BRING IN THE GUN, HUGO!
JA!
THE ANGEL'S STRENGTH HELPS HIM TO RECOVER QUICKLY...
WHAT'S ON YOUR TWISTED MIND, NOW?
YOUR DOOM IS SEALED! YOU DIE VERY SOON, NOW!
HERE IS THE GUN, MASTER!
THESE CHAINS - I CAN BREAK THEM EASILY!
SUMMONING ALL HIS RESERVE STRENGTH, THE ANGEL HEAVES FORWARD AND - - -
I'M FREE!
A TWO FISTED ATTACK FOLLOWS.
OW!
COME HERE, YOU RATS!
AGHRR!
LUCY GOES INTO ACTION TOO - - -
I'VE GOT HIS GUN, ANGEL!
THE MACHINE GUN! GOOD GIRL!
KARL, DO SOMETHING!
?
7

GIVE ME THAT GUN! THAT HUMAN APE IS RIGHT BEHIND ME!
I SMASH HIS HEAD OPEN!
ANGEL TURNS TO DESTROY HIS MAD-MINDED OPPONENT!
AIEEE!
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT.
THEN-- A TERRIFIED SCREAM ...
ANGEL!
GOOD GRIEF! HE'S GOING TO KILL HER!
THE TOMMY-GUN CHATTERS OUT A MESSAGE OF DEATH ONCE MORE ---
AGHRR!
RAT-TAT TAT-A TAT.
THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE I COULD DO-- AT LEAST THEY WILL NOT BOTHER US AGAIN. NOW ENLIGHTEN ME ON THE WHOLE SITUATION!
MY BROTHER LORD MOOD, WILL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!
LATER..
I SEE!
IT'S FAIRLY SIMPLE, ANGEL! I HAD INVITED YOU AND THOSE TWO HIGH-RANKING BRITISH OFFICERS TO MY CASTLE. KRAUST BROKE INTO MY HOME, CAPTURED US AND THREATENED TO TAKE MY LIFE IN ORDER TO KEEP MY SISTER SILENT! HE WANTED VALUABLE INFORMATION FOR THE GERMANS!
I WANT SO MUCH TO THANK YOU FOR-- WHERE IS HE? WHERE DID HE GO?
HE HAS DISAPPEARED! LOOK! HIS SHADOW IS ALL THAT'S LEFT!
WE KNOW THAT THE ANGEL HAS MOVED ON TO ANOTHER PLACE IN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL -- SOME PLACE WHERE THERE IS TROUBLE AND A REAL NEED FOR HIS GREAT STRENGTH AND WISDOM!

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DO YOUR LETTERS ALL SOUND ALIKE?

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REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS
OR NO COST

I'D MARRY JIM IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE FILTHY BLACKHEADS OF HIS
I'LL ASK BOB TO TALK TO HIM RIGHT AWAY
WHY DON'T YOU TRY VACUTEX FOR THOSE BLACKHEADS JIM? IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME
THANKS BOB. IT SOUNDS WORTH TRYING
JIM DARLING, HOW NICE AND CLEAN YOU LOOK!
YOU CAN THANK VACUTEX FOR THAT, HONEY!

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If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your $1.00 will be immediately refunded.

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 4010
516 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman $1.00 plus postage. My $1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.

☐ I prefer to enclose $1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

5 x 7 PHOTO ENLARGEMENT-FREE

Send Any Subject Or Group

Here's a special photographic enlargement offer that will delight every photograph lover . . . this free offer is made to attract new friends and customers . . . it is our way of getting acquainted. Send any clear snapshot, negative, photo, bust, full length, group, scenes, baby, mother, dad, sweetheart, soldier, etc. We will enlarge to 5x7 on salon quality photographic paper FREE. Just send print or negative. We will also include information about hand coloring by expert artists who specialize in reproducing life-like likenesses and

FREE FRAME OFFER

Your original will be returned with your FREE 5x7 enlargement. Be sure to send clear snaps or negatives. We are anxious to give you our best work. Please do not send cracked, faded pictures because we want to please you and make you a satisfied customer . . . but act at once because we reserve the right to withdraw this limited offer at any time. . . . Rush the coupon today . . . NOW.

Only 2 To A Customer With This FREE OFFER

Sign your name and address to the coupon below and rush it to us. Enclose the snapshot or negative you want enlarged to 5x7. We will promptly send you information about hand coloring and our free frame offer (10c for each snap or negative will be appreciated for handling, return mail, etc.) Remember, only two to a customer. Act quickly and learn for yourself what beautiful work we do and why hundreds of customers everywhere send us their photo enlarging work exclusively. Rush the coupon now.

Read What Customers Write About Our Work

ORDERS SIX MORE
I received my enlarged and colored photo today and was pleased with them. Will you please send me as soon as you can six more enlargements?
TM, Fort Devens, Massachusetts

WANTS THREE MORE
I just received the two 5x7 enlargements made by you for me and I am very much pleased with them. I am enclosing three more snapshots and would like one 5x7 enlargement of each, hand colored, leatherette frame.
Pfc, Kentucky, Ohio

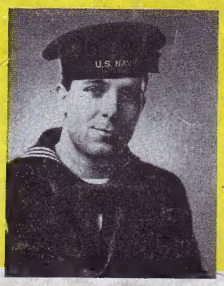
PLEASED AT EXPERT QUALITY
I received the pictures I had enlarged at your company and was very much pleased at the expert quality work you turned out. I am enclosing two more pictures for enlargement. I want one of each 5x7, hand colored, with leatherette frame.
LC, Fort Benning, Georgia

SURE WAS GOOD
I received my picture last week and it sure was a good one. I certainly do think you are doing a nice job on pictures and I am sending you another picture to hand color for me.
SV, Baldwin, Georgia

DELIGHTED WITH BABY PICTURE
I received my two pictures of my baby and am sure delighted with them.
LF, Clinton, Wisconsin

A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF ART
As you remember I just had a picture enlarged 5x7 and tinted and framed. It was a beautiful piece of art, and I am really very much pleased with it. I would like to have one more made like it.
JZ, Baltimore, Maryland

PLEASED WITH SERVICE
As you probably know I have been doing business with your firm quite a while and have been very much pleased with the service, so I am hoping you will do a very good job on those negatives.
LD, Camp Shelby, Mississippi



IDEAL PORTRAIT CO., INC.
DEPT. AG-10, Box 748, Church St. Annex,
New York, 8, N.Y.

I accept your special offer. Enclosed find negatives or snapshots which I want enlarged to 5x7. Send to me at once your information about hand coloring and your free frame offer (I enclose 10c for each 5x7 enlargement to help cover postage, handling, etc.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....